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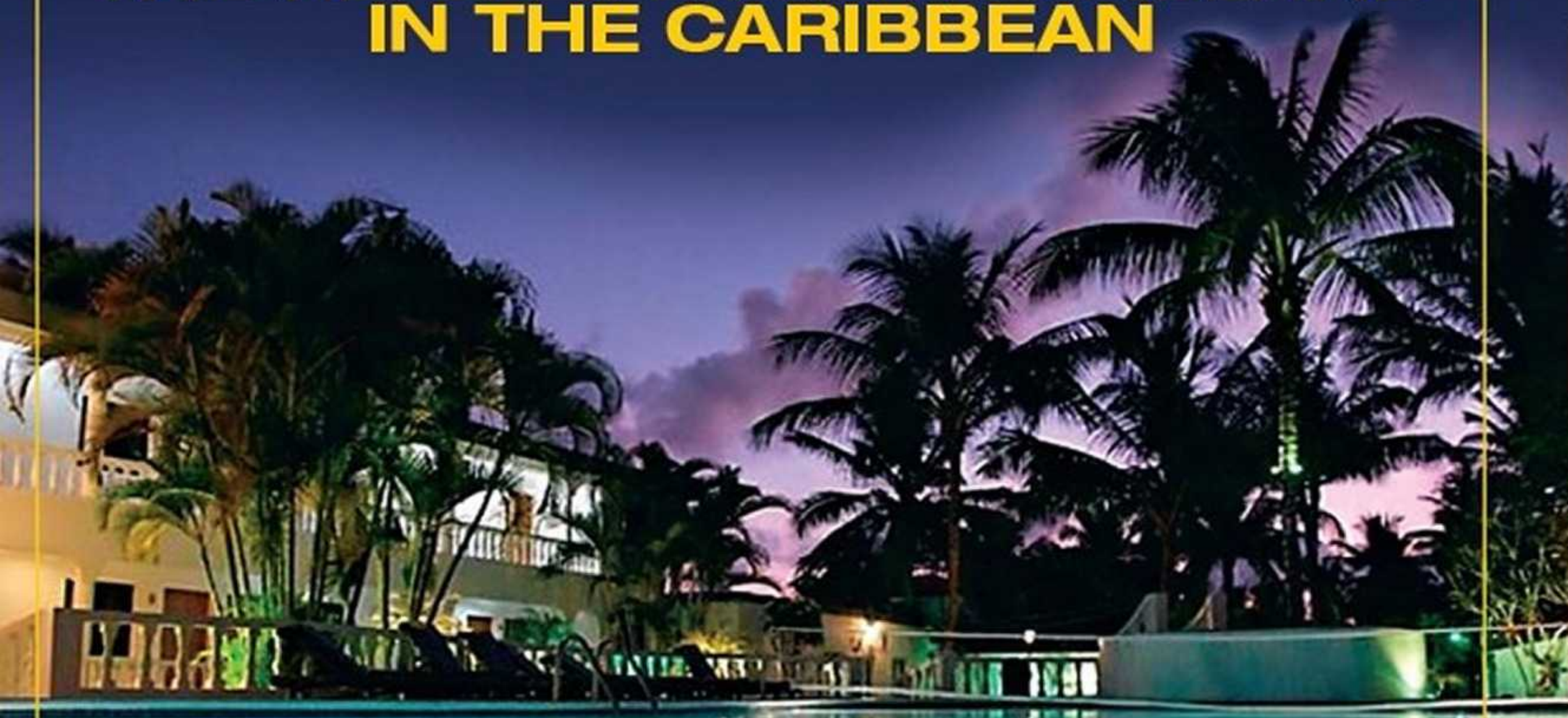

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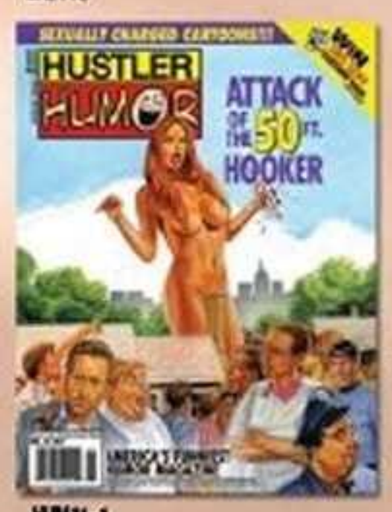

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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 35, No. 14, June 2009. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in September, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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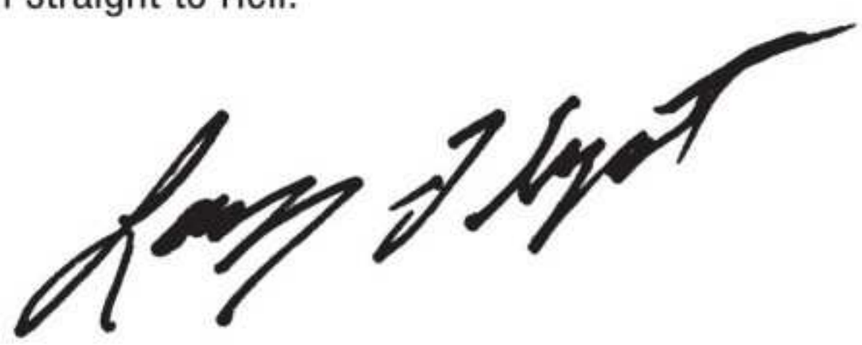
WHAT I THINK ABOUT "BORN AGAIN" CHRISTIANS

Let's face it, most born-again Christians are dumbasses, unable to tell when they are being hustled by a conniving preacher or bullshitted by a corrupt politician. Asked to shell out their hard-earned dollars to prove their faith, even as they scramble to pay their own rent, these brain-dead lemmings make evangelists like Pat Robertson and Rick Warren rich. But that's not the worst of it.

More to the point, these religious zealots are, for the most part, racists and homophobes. They called Barack Obama a Muslim and a terrorist and initiated Proposition 8—the ballot measure banning same-sex marriages in California. Despite all their talk about salvation and Heaven, born-again Christians are, in fact, steeped in hatred. Some of these fire-and-brimstoners have spoken openly about killing all non-born-again individuals. Not just Muslims, not just Jews, but Catholics, other Protestants and, well, anyone not exactly like them. To the "faithful," the words "love one another" mean love only those who are like yourself.

Jesus would hate them. He would hate how they are treating the planet, plundering it toward oblivion with their reckless disregard for the environment. He would hate how they contrive to bring about the End Times by throwing fuel on the fires already burning in the Middle East. Do born-again Christians think God gave mankind dominion over Earth just so they could destroy it? Trust me on this one: When these people finally get to meet their maker, God will send them straight to Hell.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

BY KEITH VALCOURT

To kick off the summer, we're giving away a freebie of every cool product reviewed this month. Yes, five lucky HUSTLER readers will each win a fantastic prize. See details on opposite page.

THE BIG PICTURE

The new **SK-32H570D LCD/HDTV/DVD Combo** may be the perfect electronic device. And we're not just saying that because Westinghouse gave us one to give away. The 32-inch marvel features 768-line (720p/1080i-compatible) resolution, multiple input connectors (for gaming, PCs, etc.) and a built-in, front-load CD/DVD player. Say goodbye to clogging up your entertainment center with an extra unit or wires. The picture quality is breathtaking. Kind of like a HUSTLER pictorial.

Available at ***Westinghouse.com***. Suggested retail price: $749.

POCKETFUL OF MEMORIES

Want to take hundreds of pictures with you wherever you go? Just pack 'em into the new **Nextar Folio Digital Frame**. Besides 256MB of memory, the palm-size photo album boasts a rechargeable battery, slide show capacity and SD/MMC/MS slot to add even more storage capacity. Instead of downloading only porn, maybe you can toss in a few shots of your wife and kids. Knowing you, that's not really an option.

Available at ***Nextar.com*** or Bed, Bath & Beyond. Suggested retail price: $69.99.

NUTTY LITTLE THING

The tiny-yet-mighty **Nextar Peanut MP3** player is quite impressive. Only 2 inches long, it features MP3 *and* WMA capability, voice recording, seven EQ modes (normal, pop, rock, classical, jazz, bass and soft) and user support for seven languages (English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Dutch). The **Peanut**'s USB 2.0 interface allows you to fill either the 1GB or 2GB version with music at lightning speed, and a single AAA battery provides up to 12 hours of continuous playback. The best part is the amazingly affordable price.

Available at Staples, Kmart and major retailers. Suggested retail price: $19.99 (1GB), $29.99 (2GB).

PARTY TIME!

One of America's favorite drinking games can now be enjoyed anywhere—including the pool—thanks to the **Portopong** inflatable beer pong table. That's right, you can now play a round of beer pong (a/k/a beirut) while taking a dip. The durable party enhancer, which inflates to a length of six feet, can even be hung from a ceiling for landlubbers. All you need to get the bash started are plastic cups, cold beer and some hot chicks. The **Portopong** comes in three colors: blue, green and our favorite—pink.

Available at ***Portopong.com***.
Suggested retail price: $49.99.

JUST BLOW

After a hearty round of beer pong or other drinking excursion, you might be tempted to get behind the wheel. To find out if you're too wasted to hit the road, there's the **BACtrack B70 Breathalyzer**. Utilizing BluFire technology, it will accurately specify your blood alcohol level within seconds. The compact unit fits easily in your pocket and is simple to operate. Don't get a DUI; do get the **B70**.

Available at ***BACtrack.com***.
Suggested retail price: $79.99.

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Every gadget you see here is up for grabs! For your chance to win one of our five fabulous prizes—winners will be selected at random—just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Win Everything Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*.

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

SNOW JOB

Shaun White Snowboarding

Ubisoft

Xbox 360, PS3

Olympic gold medalist Shaun White (a/k/a the "Flying Tomato") took a hands-on approach to creating the game that bears his name, and it really paid off. You can almost feel the icy air stinging your face as you fly down various snow-covered slopes and terrains. But don't get cocky or you'll end up splatting, and nobody likes tomato paste. A slightly modified Wii version has been retitled ***Shaun White Snowboarding: Road Trip***.

BYE BYE, BAMBI!

Deer Drive

Mastiff

Wii

This arcade-style action game brings deer hunting to the Wii for the first time. You can take aim solo, racing the clock, or competitively with one hunter or—in Party Mode—with up to three other players. Rain, darkness and other obstacles (like wolves and mountain lions) make bagging your prized buck a real challenge. We can only imagine that if Ted Nugent plays video games, this would be his favorite. ***Deer Drive*** rocks.

CRASH & BURN

Wheelman

Midway

Xbox 360, PS3

Part *Saints Row*, part *Grand Theft Auto*, with a serious dash of Mad Max thrown in, ***Wheelman*** is a gas! Literally. Offering several awesome maneuvers, including "Side Swiping" and "Slam-n-Ram," this much-anticipated driving game is as colorful and spectacular as a major Hollywood blockbuster. ***Wheelman*** is a high-octane thrill ride that will have you sweating out adrenaline as you thunder through the streets of Barcelona with Vin Diesel in the driver's seat.

I WAS A TEENAGE ZOMBIE

Dead Rising: Chop Till You Drop

Capcom

Wii

We always knew that malls were full of zombies, but this?! Based on the acclaimed ***Dead Rising*** series, the immersive, interactive ***Chop Till You Drop*** is a bloody good time. In order to survive you'll have to shoot, bludgeon and slice and dice your way through hundreds of the living dead in a huge environment. You can use anything and everything to take the zombies out, including frying pans, golf clubs and lawn mowers! Plus, a hot video vamp named Isabella is sure to replace Lara Croft in your spank bank. Bloody right!

The Afghan Question

OBAMA'S DOOMED PLAN TO SEND MORE TROOPS TO THE "GRAVEYARD OF EMPIRES"

If we don't follow the lessons of history, Afghanistan may become Iraq in spades—the kind used for digging too many graves. Perhaps it is a testament to Barack Obama's boundless public optimism. He claims to believe Afghanistan can be saved by sending more troops and money into its desolate canyons, forbidding mountains and primitive townships. If he actually believes this—or worse yet, acts on it—he will expose himself as the naive neophyte Republicans painted him as during the election campaign. And many more young Americans will die without purpose or gain.

Winning hearts and minds in Afghanistan, a nation that exists primarily to grow opium poppies for the world market, is as pointless as attempting to eradicate sin in Las Vegas.

Afghanistan is a feudal collection of warrior peoples that has overwhelmed every foreign army that dared enter, and we are no exception. Yet the new President has said Afghanistan is "the right war," to contrast it against the Iraq nightmare. And yes, in 2001, knocking the Taliban out of Kabul—the country's capital—and chasing al Qaeda out of its Afghan camps was an acceptable military response, whereas the invasion of Iraq was an unreasonable and distracting one. It certainly can be argued that if some of the resources poured into Iraq had been diverted to Afghanistan AT THAT TIME, perhaps things would have gone better in terms of uniting the ramshackle country under a modernizing central government, or at least in chasing down Osama bin Laden and Mullah Omar.

But if such hopes were a stretch even then, they are absurd today when the Taliban that gave refuge to the people who attacked us seven years ago have moved over into safe havens in the tribal regions of Pakistan dominated by their fellow Pashtuns. Today a completely corrupt government in Kabul, propped up by NATO troops and Western aid, rules in name only a vast, impoverished land divvied up between warlords, tribal chieftains and Islamic fundamentalists, all of them funded by the world's source of heroin: opium poppies. Since the initial military assault in 2001 and formation of a new government, there have been no real economic, political or military successes to build on and no strategies that have worked.

As for bin Laden—if he is still alive—and the remnants of his gang, they are a shadowy mafia that uses modern communication technology and travel networks; they are as likely to maintain key assets everywhere except in Afghanistan. Remember that the 9/11 attackers came primarily from our allied country of Saudi Arabia and fomented their plans from Hamburg, Germany.

Ramping up troop strength in Afghanistan is once again fighting the old war against an enemy that has moved on. Winning the hearts and minds in a nation that exists primarily to grow opium poppies for the world market is as pointless an exercise as eradicating sin in Las Vegas. Better to save your forces for more narrowly focused and intelligent efforts to counter terrorists, particularly careful international police work.

Not wanting to look like a peacenik Democrat, Obama spoke during the election debates of wanting to send "two or three additional combat brigades to Afghanistan." Yet sending a "surge" of 25,000 more U.S. troops to join the 65,000 NATO already fields will do little if anything to expand the real power of the central government, and it will certainly not be able to ferret out the extremists entrenched in the country's mountains.

To really "take" the country, according to military experts, a plan would require no less than 200,000 troops and would entail major casualties. And is the exhausted, overtaxed U.S. military really going to shift 150,000 troops to fight the same counter-insurgency war the ruthless Soviet Union already fought and lost in the 1980s? Is there any appetite for such a commitment from an American public that can't even find the place on a map and is in the midst of a global economic crisis?

Of course not.

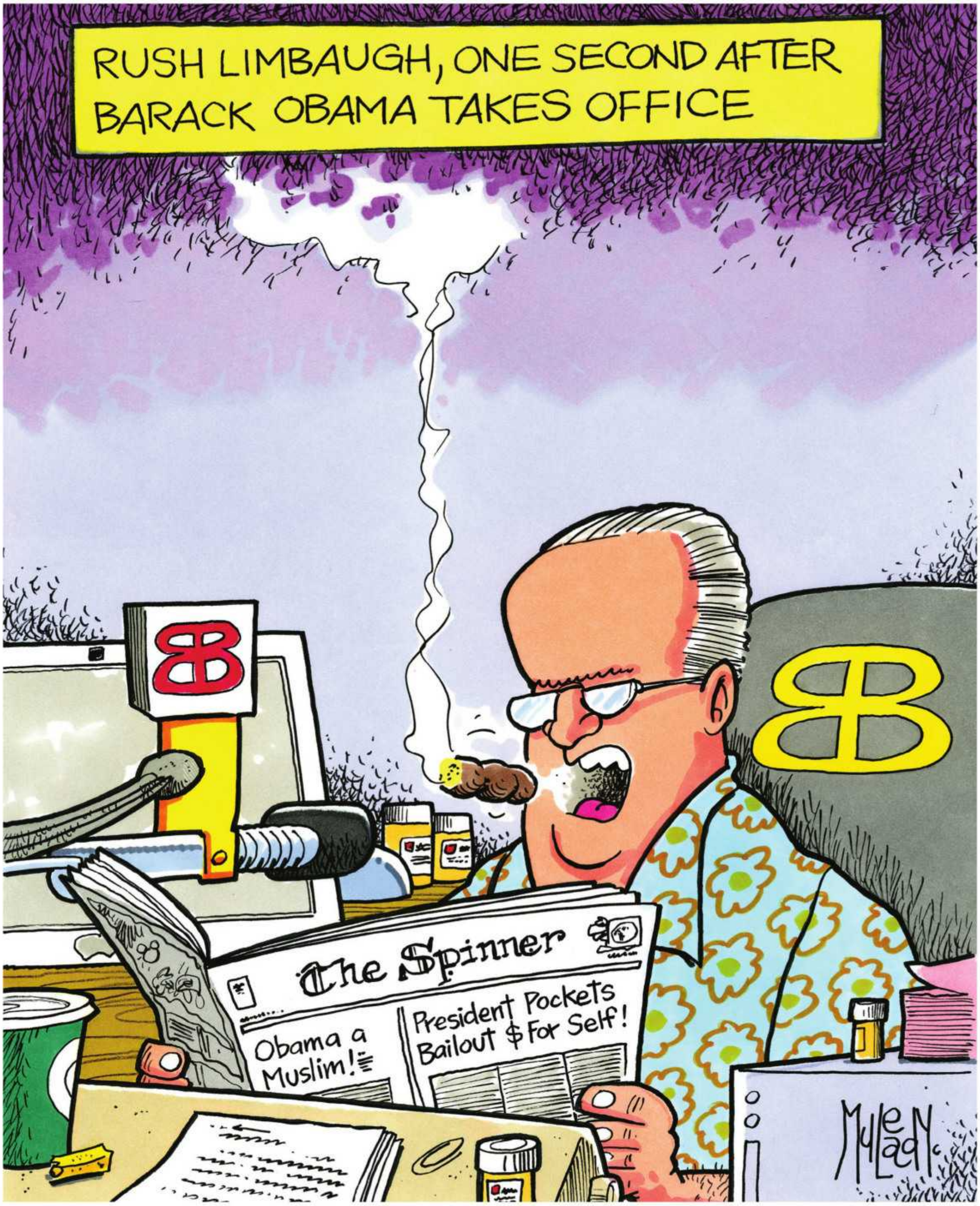
As Boston University professor Andrew J. Bacevich, a Vietnam War veteran, wrote in *Newsweek* recently, "Afghanistan will be a sinkhole" that will consume "resources neither the U.S. military nor the U.S. government can afford to waste."

Nor can we predict what such efforts will produce in blowback. After all, it was Democratic President Jimmy Carter whose administration three decades ago came up with the bright idea of arming Islamic fanatics in Afghanistan to fight the Soviet-supported government, and we know how well that turned out.

Back in 1996, Robert Gates—a key member of Carter's national security staff—wrote a memoir stating that Carter supported the Afghan mujahideen six months before the Soviets invaded the country. Gates, who upped the military commitment to Afghanistan as secretary of defense under Bush, is now playing the same role in the Obama Administration.

This is not change we can believe in; it's the same old stupid war games.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*


RUSH LIMBAUGH, ONE SECOND AFTER BARACK OBAMA TAKES OFFICE
The Spinner
Obama a Muslim!
President Pockets Bailout $ For Self!
MyLeadY

"Just look at the condition of the country with a magic Negro in the White House: two wars, financial catastrophe, unemployment, disaster. I tried to warn everyone, but would anyone listen to me?
No-o-o-o-o-o!"

Reckoning

WE THE PEOPLE MUST HAVE OUR DAY IN COURT.

Previously in HUSTLER I've been skeptical that President Obama—distracted by repairing the economy and an endless war in Afghanistan—would fracture Congress by moving to hold the Bush-Cheney regime accountable for war crimes. But the pressure on him to do that is mounting.

Being quoted again is what Obama's choice for attorney general, Eric Holder, said plainly to the American Constitution Society in June 2008: "Our government authorized the use of torture, approved of secret electronic surveillance against American citizens, secretly detained American citizens without due process of law…and authorized the use of procedures that violate both international law and the United States Constitution. We owe the American people a reckoning."

So what are you waiting for, Mr. President? Give us a reckoning, but also prove to future administrations, and the world, that this is a country of laws, in which violators, including all the way up the chain of command, are brought to a justice we can believe in.

To ease the President's worry about a resultant civil war in Congress, on December 11, 2008, a unanimous Senate Armed Services Committee charged former Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld and other high-level Bush officials, as the *Washington Post* reported, of "direct responsibility for the harsh treatment of detainees at Guantanamo Bay, and that their decisions led to more serious abuses in Iraq and elsewhere."

That's just for openers. After a two-year investigation—finally breaking through Congress's own refusal to exercise oversight on Bush's trashing of the Constitution—the committee, chaired by Carl Levin and John McCain, plainly exposed the poisonous effects of these and subsequent war crimes. According to the committee, those efforts "damaged our ability to collect accurate intelligence that could save [American] lives, strengthened the hand of our enemies and compromised our moral authority."

Remember, Mr. President, this is a unanimous bipartisan conclusion.

Of what importance is "moral authority" when battling jihadists? An administration already characterized by historians as "The Torture Presidency" has both drained our support among allies, as well as being a very effective recruiting advantage for our enemies.

This bipartisan declaration—that We the People are indeed owed a reckoning for what has been relentlessly done in our name—cites the very beginning of our plunge into "legal black holes" abroad by underlining a February 7, 2002, memorandum by commander in chief George W. Bush. This fateful order barred the Geneva Conventions (which this country had enacted into our own law) on humane treatment of all prisoners, including suspected or proven terrorists.

Article 3 of the Conventions guarantees our prisoners' freedom, Mr. Rumsfeld, from "cruel treatment and torture; outrages upon personal dignity, in particular, humiliating and degrading treatment."

What the Senate Armed Services Committee omitted, and former law professor Obama should know, is that the 1949 Geneva Conventions require that all signers (including the United States) "search for perpetrators of grave breaches of the treaty" and "bring them to trial before its own courts"—even if the perpetrators are their own citizens.

If Obama needs more prodding from the Armed Services Committee to avoid staining his own place in history, these Democratic and Republican probers revealed—unknown to many Americans—"that senior [Bush] officials approved the use of interrogation techniques that were originally designed to simulate abusive techniques used by our enemies against our own soldiers [in the Korean War] and that were modeled, in part, on tactics used by the Communist Chinese to elicit false confessions from U.S. military personnel."

If this information, and so much more heavily documented evidence of the Bush team's devotion to what Cheney called "the dark side," were presented to Americans in a version of the independent 9/11 Commission set in motion this time by President Obama, he would eventually reap widespread applause for giving us the reckoning we are owed.

This bipartisan commission of legitimate experts in international law—joined by U.S. military lawyers of the Judge Advocate General's offices, who were ignored by the Bush Administration—should have subpoena powers. Its sessions must be open to the press—and to the rest of us—on television channels, radio, the Internet, etc.

Arguments that certain testimony has to be classified lest they aid the enemy must be countered by the naked truth that the enemy knows all about them from reports by human rights organizations and a range of deeply investigative books, largely unread by Americans. These include such revelations as *The Torture Papers* and *The Trial of Donald Rumsfeld* by Michael Ratner and the Center for Constitutional Rights.

Meanwhile, in a *Washington Times* interview (December 8, 2008), Dick Cheney has given President Obama added motivation to act on Justice Louis Brandeis's wisdom about how to begin redeeming a scarred American reputation: "Sunlight is the best disinfectant."

Listen, Mr. President, to Bush's architect of "The Torture Presidency." Cheney pridefully speaks: "I feel very good about what we did. I think it was the right thing to do. If I was faced with those circumstances again, I'd do exactly the same thing."

Torture? The "enhanced interrogation" promoted by Bush? The "waterboarding" by the CIA? Cheney replies: "I don't believe it was torture. We spent a great deal of time and effort getting legal advice, legal opinions out of the [Justice Department's] Office of Legal Counsel…in terms of what the red lines were out there in terms of, this you can do, this you can't do."

Yes, there sure were lawyers in the Justice and Defense departments who gave the green light to whatever Rumsfeld and the other war criminals wanted to do. I wait with great anticipation to see and hear these lawyers examined by a bipartisan commission soon during President Obama's administration. Again, sir, what are you waiting for?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

MY HUSBAND GAVE OUR ENTIRE LIFE SAVINGS TO BERNIE MADOFF. HE COULDN'T TAKE IT ALL BEING LOST, SO HE SHOT HIMSELF.

NINE TIMES, MA'AM?

J.B. Bilgate

My Right Hand Is in Mourning

A TRIBUTE TO THE WOMAN WHO REALLY RAISED ME.

Bettie Page, the iconic pinup and bondage model of the '50s, died in a Los Angeles hospital after a bout of pneumonia, which caused a heart attack that put her in a coma. She was 85.

During her heyday, Bettie symbolized the sexuality of the '50s more than any other icon. Marilyn Monroe was just Hollywood hype. Bettie was the raw, real stuff you could get your fist around to rub one out.

See page 42.

it was the only part of her career she regretted. She preferred being remembered for the pinup pics.

Willie and Bettie both worked for a middle-aged nebbish named Irving Klaw who, with his sister Paula, ran Movie Star News out of a storefront on 14th Street in New York City. (The company is still in business on 18th Street.) It was there that Klaw became known as the "Pinup King." Initially he sold magazines, but Klaw quickly noticed that the teenage boys coming into the store to look at the pinup mags would rip out pages when no one was looking. So he said, "Fuck the magazines! I'll sell the photos."

Bettie was the raw, real stuff you could get your fist around to rub one out.

When I was a kid, bondage held a particular fascination for my pubescent id. Bettie's death inspired HUSTLER Editorial Director Bruce David, a longtime friend, and I to talk about a special childhood memory—those great pulp magazines of the '50s with their sexy covers. They usually featured a beautiful woman tied to a pole or strapped to a torture device, her bodice ripped just enough to reveal part of a round, firm breast. As often as not, the damsel in distress was being menaced by a hovering Nazi with a whip. Now *that* was art!

Bettie Page waltzed directly into this verboten sexuality. Most of the photos you see of her are tame pinups. Her really daring work is harder to find; that's the great bondage stuff she did with a long-forgotten, sexually creative hero named John Willie. Later she said

Klaw, Willie and Bettie were the real pioneers of the sexual revolution. By rights they should take a place next to Alfred Kinsey, Mary Calderone, Hugh Hefner and Larry (the man who signs my checks) Flynt.

As Bruce and I spoke, we recalled how even a Macy's bra ad would give us a hard-on. And we wondered what kids get hard over today. With all the "in-your-face" sex that is available on TV and the Internet, it's difficult to imagine them getting the same thrill we did when catching a glimpse of thigh. For us a shot of "side boob" was enough "spank bank" material to last a week.

Am I starting to sound like the old fart I am? Or are kids today getting robbed of the cheap thrills we had? Today's permissive attitude has to have had an impact on them; the thrill of what we were doing back then was enhanced by the notion it was wrong. With the Internet providing more free porn than my generation ever imagined, how does the present younger generation keep from getting jaded?

But I digress. This is about Bettie.

I never liked blondes. They were too goody-goody. Brunettes, however, were nasty, wanton, slightly mean. They presented an air of mystery. Most of all, they looked as though they would throw a good fuck. Bettie projected all those qualities, but she also had an aura of innocence and fun. She was dangerous yet safe. I'm sure my lifelong love of brunettes came from Bettie.

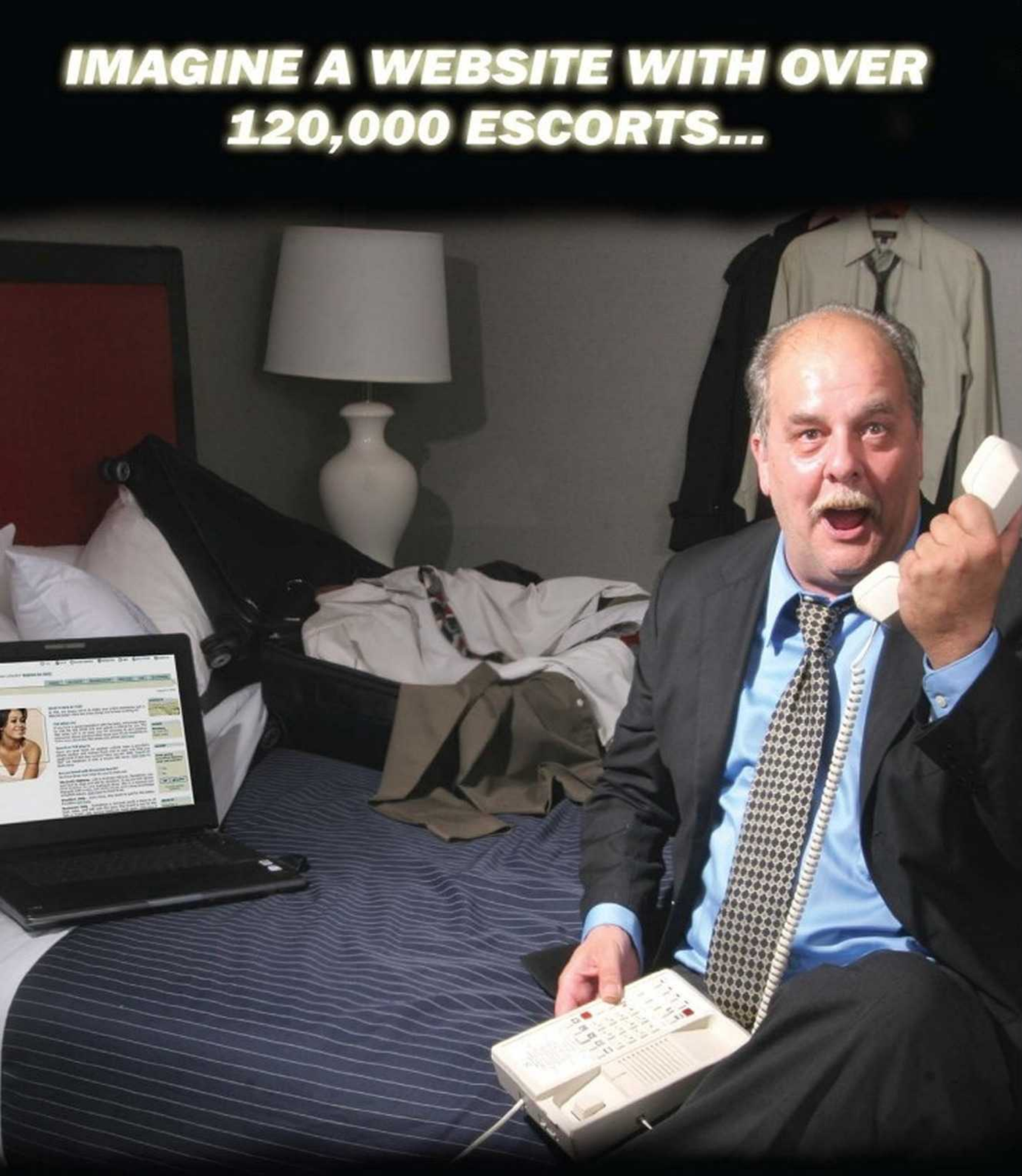
In the '50s I had no idea who she was. I just kept seeing her pictures in magazines. It wasn't until the '70s that I could put a name to the face. By then she had long since retired, then disappeared. For a time, Bettie was in a mental hospital. When she got out, she found God. One big reason to admire Bettie is that even with her religious conversion, she never recanted anything she had done. She believed that the naked body was God's work and that there was nothing wrong with putting it on display.

No one saw Bettie for years. When she resurfaced, it was only for audio interviews, signings and an occasional newspaper interview. There is one rare photo of her at 80, taken when she was caught off guard. She didn't want to be photographed. Bettie knew people would be disappointed by what they saw. She didn't want the Bettie image compromised by what time does to us all.

On the composer's death years ago a friend said, "George Gershwin died today, but I don't have to believe it if I don't want to." I say the same about Bettie Page; she will live as long as I have a memory, a dick and my right hand.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

IMAGINE A WEBSITE WITH OVER 120,000 ESCORTS...



theeroticreview.com

The world's largest GENTLEMEN'S club.

Hard-core Combat

Infuriated. That's what I am after reading the sergeant's letter and response in the February '09 *Feedback*. Let me get this straight: We can force our young men and women to die for a country that has a billion-dollar porn industry, but not allow them to read HUSTLER or release some tension with *Who's Nailin' Paylin?*

This is the influence of conservative Christians who, not content to follow the Bible in their private lives, force military personnel to construct asinine codes of conduct they themselves struggle to obey. Who else would care if a young man or woman read a dirty mag after being shot at all day?

From forced prayer in military school ceremonies to this puritanical prudery, we are witness to a gang of men (and their submissive wives) attempting to establish theocratic rule over those whose sacrifices protect my right to read your magazine and write freely to its editors. Something is not adding up!

—Scott Embry
Jeffersonville, Indiana

In Your Face

I'm damn proud of you guys for reporting on topics that the mainstream media is scared to touch—like your piece on chemtrails [*The Chemtrail Conundrum*, Holiday '08]. What is happening is deeply disturbing. If more people would get enlightened, open their eyes and look up, they would actually notice the daily assault that, according to many researchers, is happening on a global scale 24/7.

People should check out the not-for-profit movie *Aerosol Crimes*, or just Google "chemtrails" to see how much evidence has already been collected. We are being sprayed with deadly agents, and it is our responsibility to act. Once we expose it, we can stop it.

—Farris
Redway, California

Rewarding Failure

Why is America letting incompetent bankers and CEOs loot their Treasury? It is a well-known fact that the ratio of executive-to-factory-worker pay has exploded in the past two decades-plus from 42-to-1 in 1980 to 419-to-1 in 2007. The average CEO pulls in more before lunch on one day than a minimum-wage employee makes all year!

Why are we paying these people so much if they don't have the intelligence and will to act in our best interest? What proof is there that top executives contribute to the successful attainment of corporate goals? If intelligence, rather than birthright, were the qualification for corporate leadership, wage divergence would be a lot smaller. Anyone with a brain can see that killing your own market is bad for business! It is this ignorance that is leading the country into collapse.

—Joe Bialek
Cleveland, Ohio

Readers hope that Michelle Maylene, featured in our December '08 issue, is a taste of more Asian delicacies to come.

Order of Sushi

I enjoyed the selection of "Asian Invasion!" photos in the [March '09] *Movie Mammaries* section. They were nice, but for someone like myself who finds Asians (especially Japanese ladies) to be the sexiest women in the world, they were little more than a tease. I'm sure I speak for many of your readers when I say "more Asian spreads!"

—John Michaud
Waterville, Maine

Cougar Country

I am glad to see that HUSTLER is featuring "mature women" [*Cougars Unleashed*]. As a guy who has always appreciated the allure of those senior to me, I now look forward to each issue even more.

—Wayne Taylor
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Wow! Thanks so very much for adding the monthly cougars. You have made a whole generation of men and women very happy. And you will inspire the younger generation that getting older doesn't have to be a wrinkly, saggy, scary future.

—Carla Buscaglia
Honolulu, Hawaii

LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

I'm not a subscriber (yet), but I've seen enough of HUSTLER to know that it is an amazing magazine. A lot of the guys on this ship appreciate the work that goes into it. I love how retarded fucks write to you saying the magazine is hanus and straight out diss you. They're probably the first ones who take it home and jack off to it. Me and the other Marines on this ship have a small collection of porn, but it's getting old. It's hard for us to get ahold of new stuff because we don't hit ports that often, and when we do, it's the local version. We have a couple of your DVDs making the rounds. One is *Campus Confessions #7*. Everyone's a fan of Tanya James; she's gorgeous as hell. We sure could use more like her onboard. Thanks for the motivation!

—Lance Corporal Carroll, USMC
Somewhere in the Pacific

We wish we could help, but military rules now make it impossible for us to get our care packages through.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

TEXAS

(Helping Make Our Mexicans STD-Free!)

Come on down to Texas, where you can fuck a hot Mexican chick knowing she's STD-free. How can we guarantee that? To protect against sexually transmitted diseases, we've forced all our wetbacks to receive shots (including Gardasil, a drug with questionable side effects). Hell, we even make them pay for it. If they can't afford the $400 fee, it's adios green card!

Y'all come see us soon!

Sponsored by the Texas Department of Tourism and Sex Recreation

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is commentary on a fascist, discriminatory practice that is obviously motivated by the greed of politicians and pharmaceutical companies. What's next? Mandatory sterilization? For reports and updates, type "Gardasil and immigrants" into your Web browser (Google, Yahoo, etc). This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Bradley Schlozman

Bradley Schlozman held the post of Principal Deputy Assistant Attorney General for the Civil Rights Division during the Bush regime. A swarm of incompetent, malignant neocons corrupted the Department of Justice, but this political hack took nasty, elitist partisanship to a new level.

DOJ personnel are hired to protect citizens and enforce the law. Instead, Schlozman—a racist unaccountably supervising the *Civil Rights* Division—fired anyone who thought equality was a virtue. In their place, this mini-dictator appointed GOP loyalists who did all except yell "Sieg Heil!"

During his three years at the DOJ, Schlozman took charge of attorney hiring—and firing. He intentionally cut Democratic, independent or even level-headed GOP decision-makers out of the loop, overriding any objections. Of 65 lawyers appointed on his watch, it is believed 97% were Republicans.

Schlozman's outspoken opinions and arrogant attitude harken back to the 1950s' terrifying Commie witch-hunt, but it would be unkind to call him a Joe McCarthy throwback. No, this guy is a throwback to the days of humanoid apes. While ensconced in the DOJ's Civil Rights Division, Schlozman called liberal lawyers "Commies," "pinkos" and "Politburo members" belonging to some "psychopathic, left-wing organization designed to overthrow the government." You know, "insane" groups like the ACLU, B'nai B'rith, NAACP…or the Democratic Party.

Schlozman's bigoted, sexist audacity prevailed. One potential hire, with three years' prior experience in the DOJ, possessed "strong analytical and writing skills" (according to an employment review) and had been commended for "an excellent job in…cases decided by the Supreme Court in recent years." However, the candidate—who'd graduated magna cum laude from a top law school—was a woman, black and a genuine civil rights specialist. A Schlozman e-mail described her as "an idiot…an affirmative action thing…wrote in Ebonics."

Even after being reprimanded in 2004, Schlozman continued to inject politics into the halls of justice. Any qualified applicant who'd served an internship with a liberal judge was considered "not on the team." He labeled progressive attorneys "treacherous" and blatantly told coworkers his agenda was to replace all liberal DOJ lawyers with "real Americans."

Discussing an applicant via e-mail, Schlozman inquired, "How does he view the world, if you know what I mean?…(and for God's sake, don't forward this e-mail!)" Too late, Asshole!

Before Congressman Tom DeLay was indicted and eventually left office, Schlozman worked with the Republican lawmaker to redraw all Texas congressional districts in the GOP's favor. Eventually, even the conservative Supreme Court overturned most of the scheme as a violation of the 1965 Voting Rights Act.

Schlozman was also a major proponent of voter ID laws, which demand driver's licenses as identification at the polls—eliminating widely accepted alternatives such as Social Security cards, birth certificates and utility bills. Since licenses and ID cards issued by motor vehicle departments require fees, this constitutes a "poll tax"—a charge for the right to vote.

Of course, Schlozman knew this made voter registration difficult for young, elderly, lower-income and handicapped citizens—most of whom usually vote Democratic. Even though the law was deemed "constitutionally suspect" by U.S. District Judge Harold L. Murphy, Schlozman trumpeted it in the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*.

Schlozman and his butt buddy John Tanner (Voting Section Chief and another Bush flunkie) had a good chuckle over how Tanner liked his coffee: "Mary Frances Berry-style—black and bitter." Berry, an African American, was chairperson of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights from 1993 to 2004.

Like a moron, Schlozman forwarded the e-mail, along with the cutesy note, "Y'all will appreciate Tanner's response." When Berry demanded an apology, Schlozman proved to be as lousy a liar as he was an administrator: "'Bitter' has several meanings. I was referring to the taste of coffee." Oh, yeah, brilliant save, Brad!

After conducting internal inquiries, the DOJ's Office of the Inspector General and Office of Professional Responsibility released a 70-page report in January 2009. It accused Schlozman—who resigned in August 2007—of not only violating rules on hiring, but also lying about his behavior during sworn testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee. Nobody ever said fascists were bright: Schlozzie apparently thought no third parties would read his hate-filled e-mails. (Who did the schmuck think he was, Karl Rove?) However, much to the disgust of Democrats, federal prosecutors have gutlessly declined to press perjury charges.

Back when he was fat and sassy at the DOJ, Schlozman smugly confided to a pal, "Perhaps the Division will name an award for me or something. How about the Brad Schlozman Award for Most Effectively Breaking the Will of Liberal Partisan Bureaucrats?" Let's go one better: "The Brad Award for the Most Amoral Bureaucrat of the Past 20 Years."

Schlozman has returned to private practice in Kansas—for now. But wherever this Asshole ends up, he'll continue—like a termite—to eat away at the foundations of law and equality in this country. Make no mistake, he'll rise back to the top, but not like cream. Like scum!

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**ROD BLAGOJEVICH**, the ex-governor of Illinois, begs the question: How obvious a crook can you be? Hit by an overdue FBI corruption probe, Blago was caught on audiotape setting up the shakedown of unions, demanding a six-figure job for his foul-mouthed wife and auctioning Obama's U.S. Senate seat to the highest bidder—and still he proclaimed his innocence. With a history of erratic behavior (Chicago's Mayor Daley called him "cuckoo"), this obnoxious little monster thought he'd make amends by nominating the highly regarded Roland Burris—a former state attorney general—to fill the Senate seat vacated by Obama. No such luck, Blago. Yes, the Senate finally accepted Burris, but you're still going to the slammer. Prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald called the Blagojevich scandal "the most staggering crime spree in office I have ever seen."

DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER invites you to the movies

HUSTLER VIDEO

HustlerHollywood.com

Kayden Kross: Krossed out.

Courtney Cummz

Anastasia Pierce

Alexis Amore

Daisy Marie

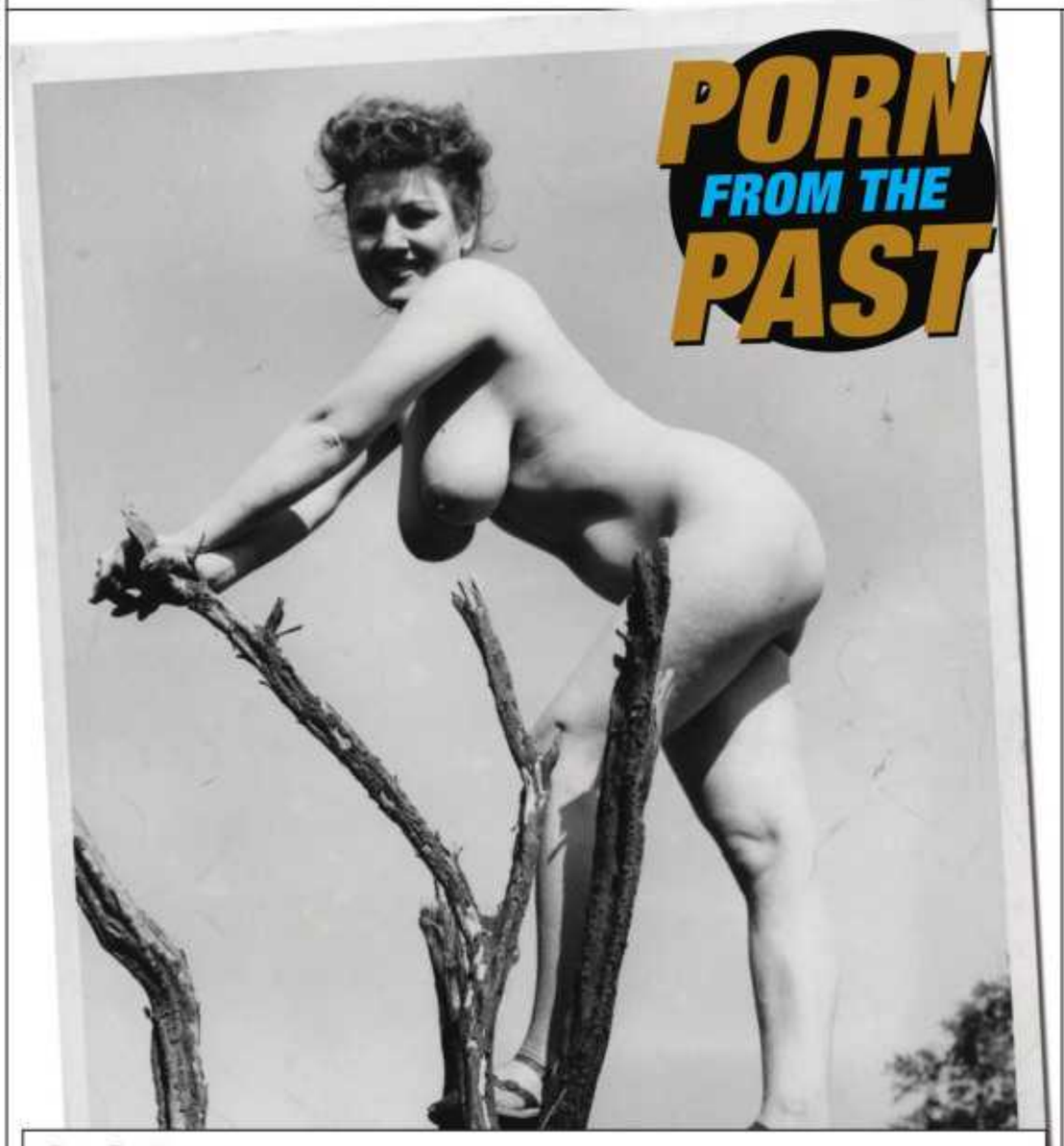
Tori Black

ADULT BEHAVIOR

Looking for an alternative to the big *AVN* show in Las Vegas? Then come to Adultcon to meet your favorite porn stars. The twice-yearly event, which takes place at the L.A. Convention Center, is jam-packed with skin-biz beauties. On hand for the latest expo were dreamgirls Daisy Marie, Kayden Kross and Courtney Cummz, and the Hedgehog himself, Ron Jeremy.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

PORN FROM THE PAST



A vintage babe in the woods is sure to give you wood. Thanks to B.O. from San Gabriel, California.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

Tommy Lee has great taste: Pamela Anderson, Heather Locklear, HUSTLER Magazine. Check out our exclusive interview with the Mötley Crüe madman, beginning on page 38.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

"If your sexual fantasies were truly of interest to others, they would no longer be fantasies." —FRAN LEBOWITZ, SARDONIC WRITER

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Bristol Palin* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Why did we place a cock in the trap of Sarah Palin's 19-year-old daughter? Maybe we feel bad that Bristol was forced to get married before she could sow all her wild oats. Or maybe we knew it would piss off her Republican-mouthpiece mother. Or maybe it's just because we knew she'd love the idea.

DISCLAIMER. Parody; no such picture of Bristol Palin actually exists. Golly gee, we wish it did. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

NEWS BABES

Philadelphia's Channel 6 knows why men watch news: to ogle hot female talking heads. Why else would the ABC affiliate have named action-news reporter Erin O'Hear "The Phinest Phillie"? Thanks to M.E. of Philadelphia for a fine submission.

To nominate a local or network news personality, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"

"You said you wanted me to be an animal in bed. Okay, I pick chimpanzee!"

"If sex isn't a joke, what is?" —NELLA LARSEN, NOVELIST

NEWSBITES

Inflated Crime

Police in Australia are on the hunt for a man who broke into a sex shop and violated several helpless occupants. Thankfully the victims were not really harmed or in any jeopardy. After all, they were love dolls. It appears the amorous intruder removed three synthetic floozies from their cartons, blew them up and fucked each one before dumping his paramours in an alley behind the establishment. When cops showed up, they collected DNA and fingerprints and also took some photographs. Geez, would we love to see those crime scene photos!

Pricey Pussy

How much would you pay to take the virginity of a superhot 22-year-old? How about over 2 million bucks? To pay for graduate school a California coed is offering her first time to the highest bidder in an online auction. Two million smackers for a fuck? Maybe Angelina Jolie. Hey, honey, how much for some head?

Boner Bummer

Love it or hate it, Viagra has helped thousands of men stiffen up. But as you'll soon find out, not all women are happy campers. Worried that "so much love could have lethal consequences," a 69-year-old lady in Palermo, Italy, called the cops after her 82-year-old husband took his little blue pill. Once they arrived, the medically enhanced Lothario lost all interest in sex. Cops have a way of doing that—unless they're strippers dressed up like cops.

Eat the Meat

Ah, what will Burger King think of next? First it invented the Whopper, then the Angry Burger and now...an aphrodisiac?! Yes, BK has introduced Flame, an aromatic body spray promoted as "the scent of seduction with a hint of flame-broiled meat." Hey, we'd be willing to try absolutely anything if it gets a woman to eat our meat.

Sign of the Times

Here's a note to the ladies: These tough economic times really blow, and so should you. Thanks to T.R. of Ellsworth, Kansas, for this entry.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

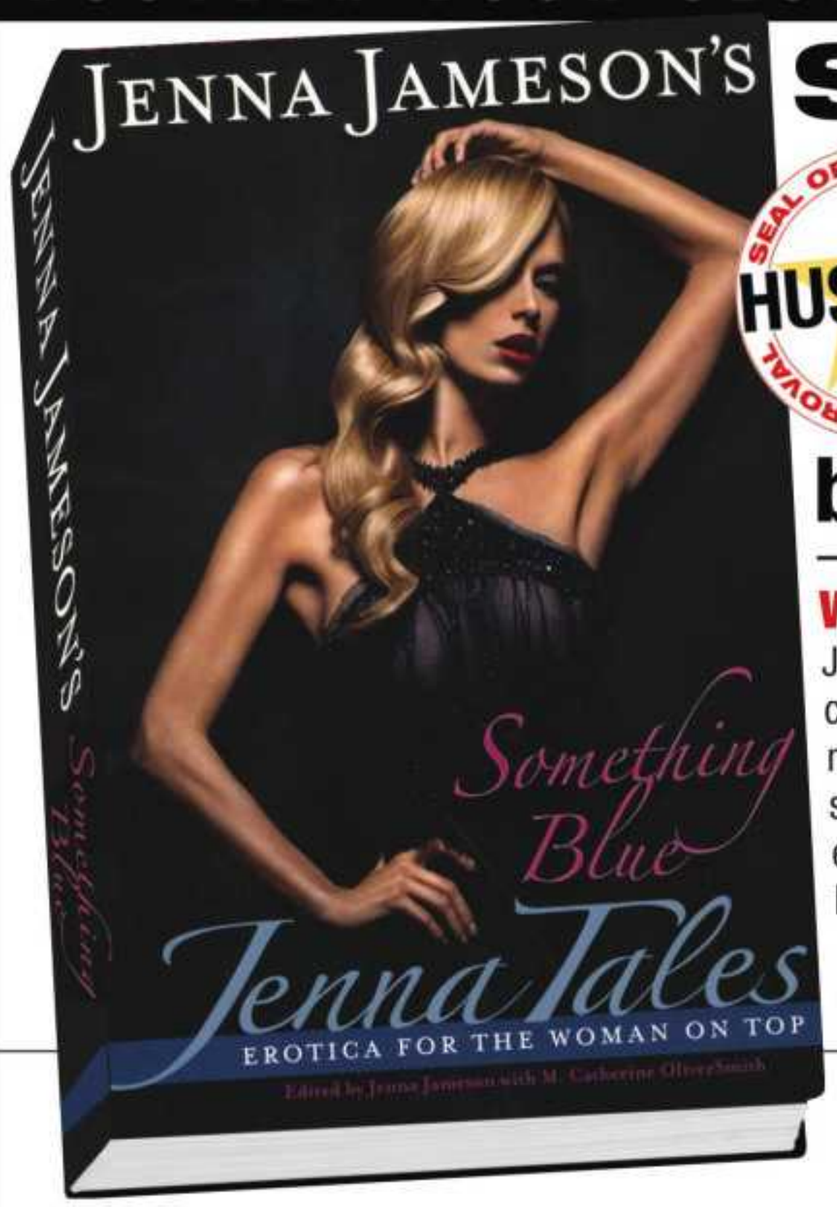
IT'S JUST WRONG

Barack Obama has only been President a few months and already people want to fuck with him. Literally. The new HeadOState dildo is made in the USA from TPR, phthalate-free rubber, and bears a startling resemblance to our new commander in chief.

It is available in *Presidential Gold* or *Democratic Blue* at **HeadOState.com**.

Buy American!

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



Something Blue Jenna Tales

by Jenna Jameson

We have to admit it: We really miss Jenna Jameson. Ever since the porn queen called it quits, we've felt empty inside. We miss her so much we're willing to give some press to her only slightly titillating erotic book just so we can run a photo of her. Come back, Jenna. We need you.

Jenna Jameson's *Something Blue: Jenna Tales* is in bookstores now.

"One more drink and I'll be under the host." —DOROTHY PARKER, WRITER

THE MAGAZINE WITH THE HOTTEST, SEXIEST, ... NEXT DOOR!
GIRLS gone WILD
MAGAZINE
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT
Marielle
SEX TOYS
THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE GODAWFUL
ONE NIGHT STANDS
LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM BEFORE BREAKFAST
BEHIND THE SCENES
OF A GIRLS GONE WILD VIDEO SHOOT
THREESOMES
WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW BEFORE YOU GO FOR IT
MY ORGASMS
ONE GIRL'S INTIMATE DIARY

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

Joe Francis knows a little something about hot girls-next-door. His *Girls Gone Wild* DVDs have sold millions of copies worldwide. Joe's latest venture is a sexy magazine filled to the brim with scantily clad babes, erotic stories and more.

Now that the two tycoons have teamed up to ask the U.S. government for a porn-industry financial bailout, maybe Larry Flynt can influence Joe to get his brazen flashers to do some hard-core.

Look for *Girls Gone Wild Magazine*, at newsstands now.

TATTOO YOU!

A lot of people admire our boss for his First Amendment crusades, but Jason Eiler of Cincinnati has taken that admiration to new heights by having Larry Flynt's face tattooed on his calf. This officially makes Jason HUSTLER's number-one fan. Just in case you want to get one of your own, Mason Williams of Flying Tiger Studios in Montgomery, Ohio, did the tattoo.

PHOTO BY JASON "MEATBALL" EILER

"In the duel of sex, woman fights with a dreadnaught and man from an open raft." —H.L. MENCKEN, AUTHOR

FANTASY FIGURES

Whaddaya think of these shots from a celebrity-packed party we attended recently? We rubbed elbows with Jessica Simpson, Penélope Cruz, Salma Hayek, Gloria Estefan and Shakira. We even copped a feel from Cameron Diaz.

Who the hell are we kidding? These babes are among the latest lifelike offerings at Madame Tussauds Wax Museum in Las Vegas. If you go there, you can actually grab and grope the alluring statues. We did!

PHOTOS BY KEITH VALCOURT

Lip Service

ALEXIS FORD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

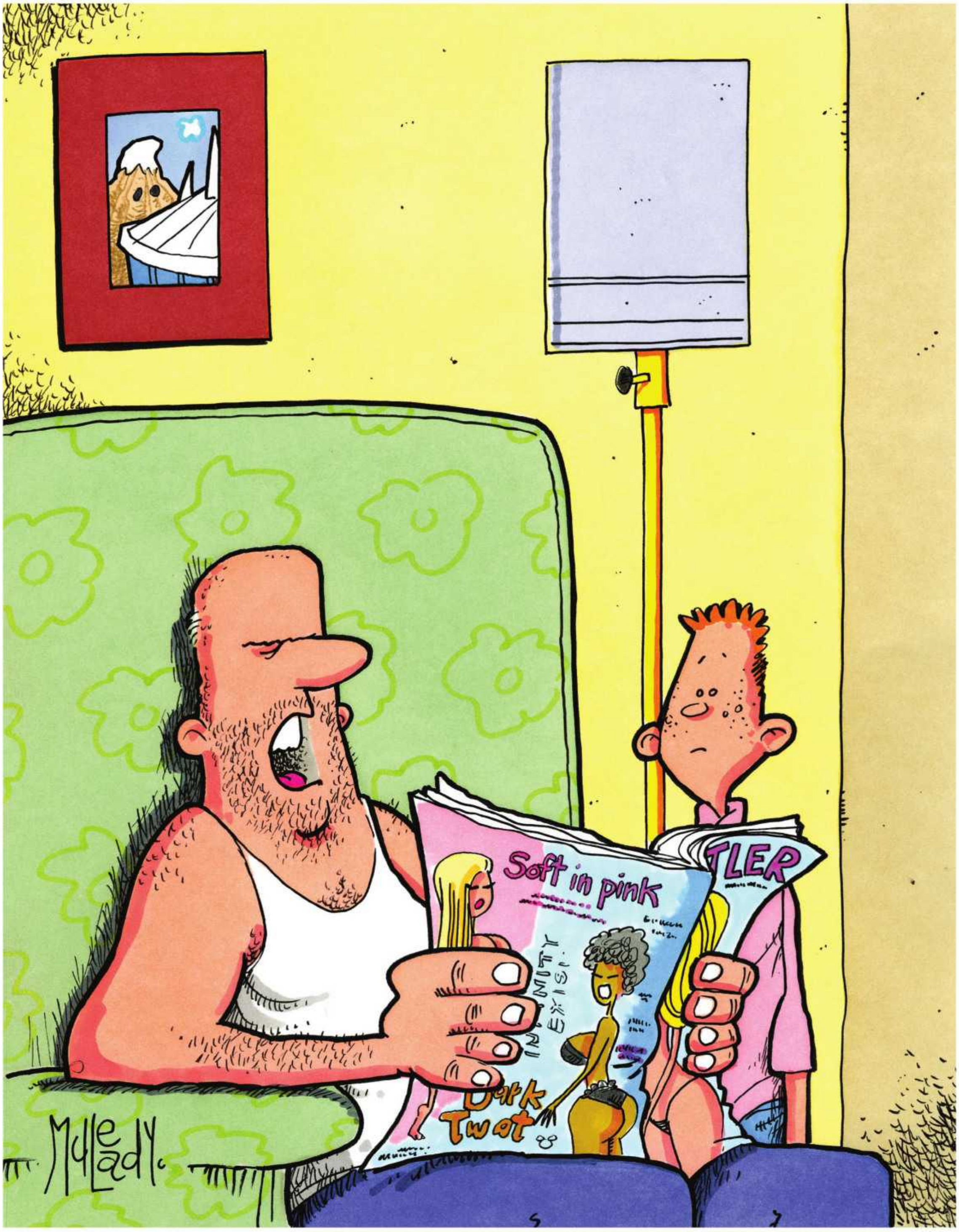
I don't pull any punches," native New Yorker **Alexis Ford** brashly proclaims. "I know what I want, and I know how to get it. When I spot a guy I want in my bed, I let him know right away: I'll just sashay up to him and say, 'Okay, here's what's going to happen. You're coming home with me, and we're gonna fuck each other silly.' I've never had a dude say no."

Alexis may be bold and frisky, but she's also picky: "The men I come onto must be clean-cut and nice-looking, and it helps if they're well-hung. I'm not a size queen, but I do love a big dick. I'm all over a guy who's able to go deep and hit that special spot inside me. I also love having sex in public. If a guy has a big cock but isn't daring and adventurous, he may get to bang me once, but that'll probably be it."

Although affable **Ms. Ford** lives for the moment, she is looking ahead to a degree: "Ultimately I would like to finish college. I think it's important that no matter what one does in life, an education is essential. I got into porn to save money to pay for school—and, I won't lie, for the great sex. Right now I want to fuck like crazy on film and get that money. I might as well do it while I'm young, hot and horny, right?"

ALEXIS FORD'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Glendale, New York | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-4

Alexis Ford's pink lingerie courtesy HUSTLER Hollywood. ■



"No, you didn't come out of Mommy's tummy;
you came out of her big, hairy pussy."

DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER invites you to the movies

HUSTLER VIDEO

HustlerHollywood.com

Forbidden Subject: Hot for Teacher

I woke up in a dingy motel room, and for a minute I didn't know where I was. Then I felt Jake by my side, and it all came flooding back to me. Lifting the sheet, I stared at his naked body and drank in his beauty—his smooth, muscular chest; defined stomach; long, lanky legs. And his cock, his magnificent cock.

The second I touched his penis, it began swelling, before the boy had even opened his eyes. I slipped down the bed to mouth his fat prick head. And swirling my tongue around the ridge, I felt his rod grow hard in my mouth. Slowly I pushed my lips down the shaft, inch by inch, till his pubic hair was tickling my nose. Suddenly his hand was on my head, and his hips were lifting off the bed, his cock dicking my throat. The boy was nothing if not eager.

Relaxing my throat muscles, I let him fuck me that way for a bit before slowing things down. Then, pulling back, I moved to his ball sac and suctioned both nuts into my mouth at once. I heard Jake gasp as I rolled them on my tongue. With one hand I started fisting his spit-slick dong; with the other I fingered his tight bunghole.

With action like that, there was no way a novice could last, and with a loud "Fuck!" he was coming. Quickly I capped his geyser with my mouth and sucked down his delicious jism, every last drop. When I finally looked up at him, he was staring right back at me, his blue eyes wide. I just smiled and fought a feeling of guilt.

Yes, I knew what we were doing was wrong, but I just couldn't help myself. Jake was so fuckin' beautiful. And as of yesterday he was finally 18. See, I was Jake's teacher.

I'd waited six long months, ever since that day Jake had stayed late after biology class to tell me how he wanted me, how he couldn't live one more second without tasting my mouth or feeling my skin caress his. I'd laughed it off and sent him on his way. But he kept coming back, day after day, telling me how I made his heart ache.

"Jenny, sometimes men can 'not be in the mood' too."

And I don't know—I guess he got to me. After a while I started looking forward to seeing him. But when I began obsessing about Jake late at night and masturbating, well, I knew I was in trouble.

His arm would brush against mine in the hallway, and my heart would race. Alone together, after class, he would touch my cheek or my breast, and he'd tell me how desperate he was to make love to me. Once or twice I'd let my guard down and let him hold me and kiss me. It had taken every last ounce of willpower to wait until Jake turned legal.

The original plan had been to wait until high school graduation day, only two weeks from now. But yesterday that plan completely crumbled. One minute he was begging me for a little birthday kiss after class, and the next we were speeding toward this motel, touching and fingering the whole way.

Silly boy insisted on carrying me over the threshold, and inside of two minutes we were fucking on the bed. Such was our need that we weren't even naked yet. He simply tugged his jeans down, clawed my thong to one side and lunged. His pecker was so wonderfully thick that for a second there I wasn't sure it was going to fit. But the feeling of being stretched too far was pure bliss. Our passion crested almost immediately—we had waited so damn long. I actually started trembling when I felt his jism shoot into my quim, and I didn't stop trembling for minutes.

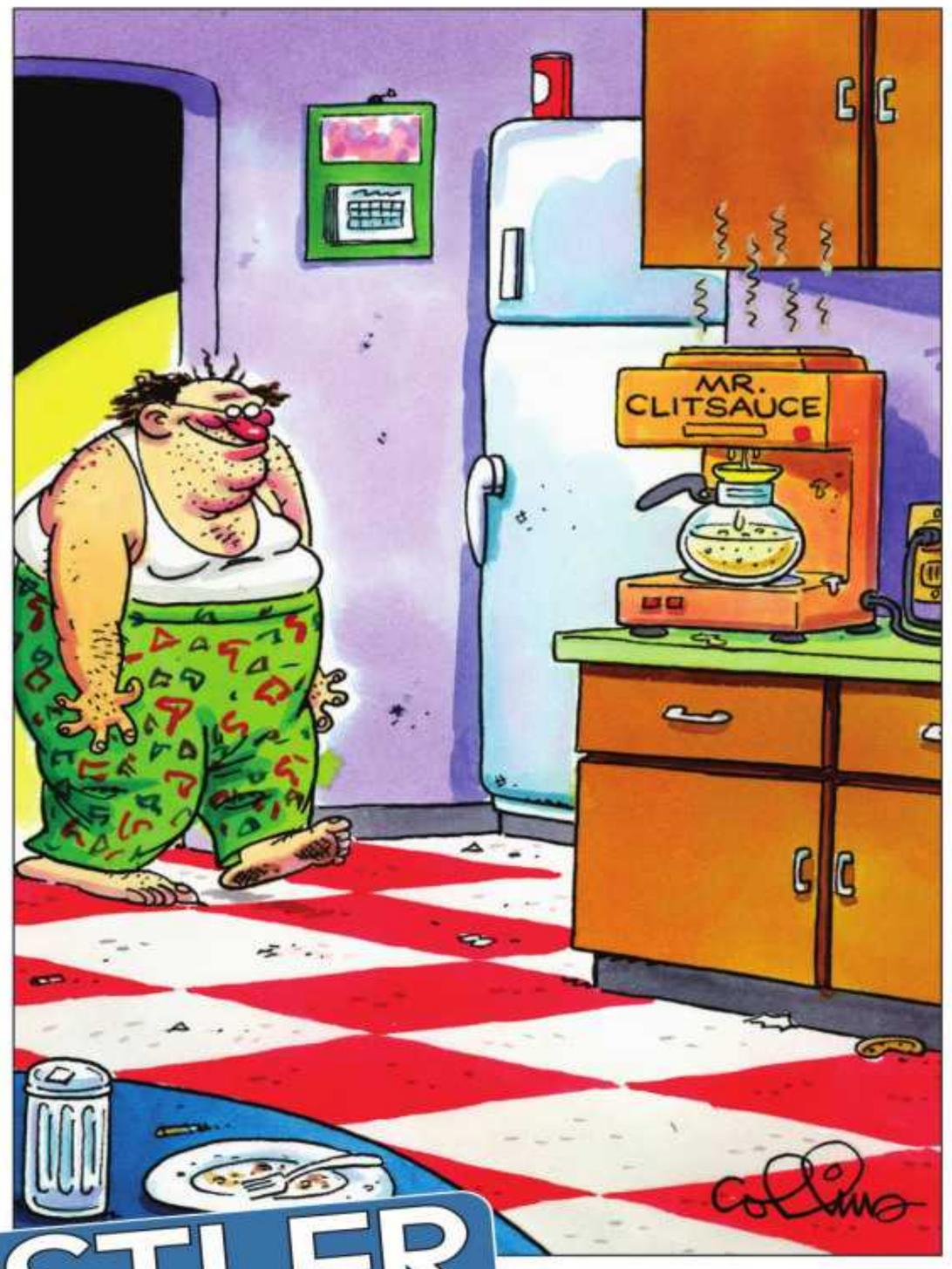
The second time, we made love much more slowly. I licked and nipped at every inch of the boy's body. Then I taught him how to suck my nipples, how to tongue-tease my clit. Jake was a quick learner. He lapped at my pink, even rimmed my little rosebud. By the time he pressed his shooter between my labes, I was close to coming. Cupping my buttocks in his hands, he dicked me with long, steady thrusts, dicked me better than any man ever had. As my climax turned multiple, I told Jake I loved him.

Now this morning, after waking the boy up with a blowjob, reality suddenly sank in, and I realized this rendezvous could cost me my job. So when Jake asked if he could meet me again at the end of the school day, I told him I couldn't. I told him I'd see him after graduation. God, I hope I can wait that long. I hope I can show some restraint.

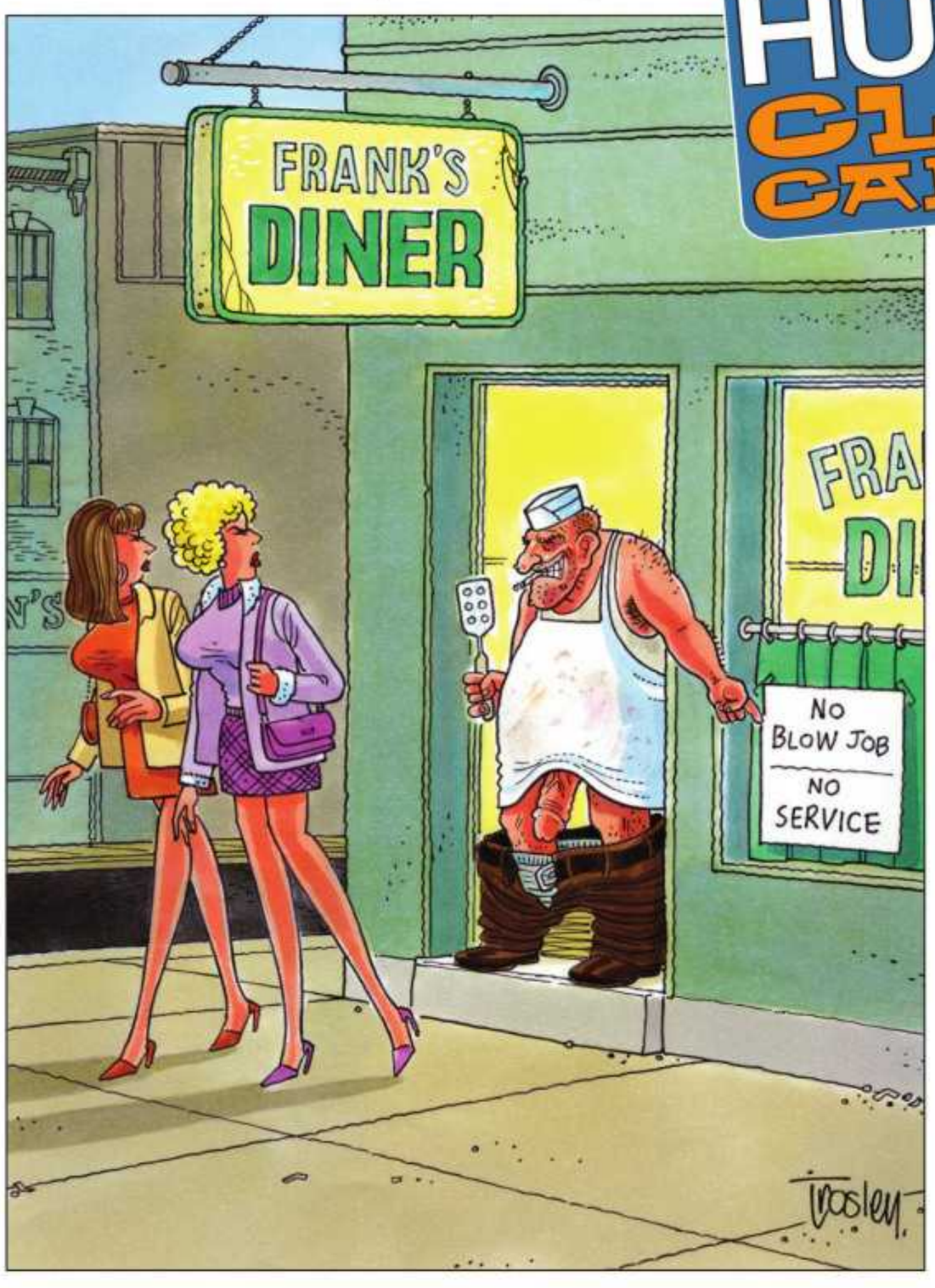
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

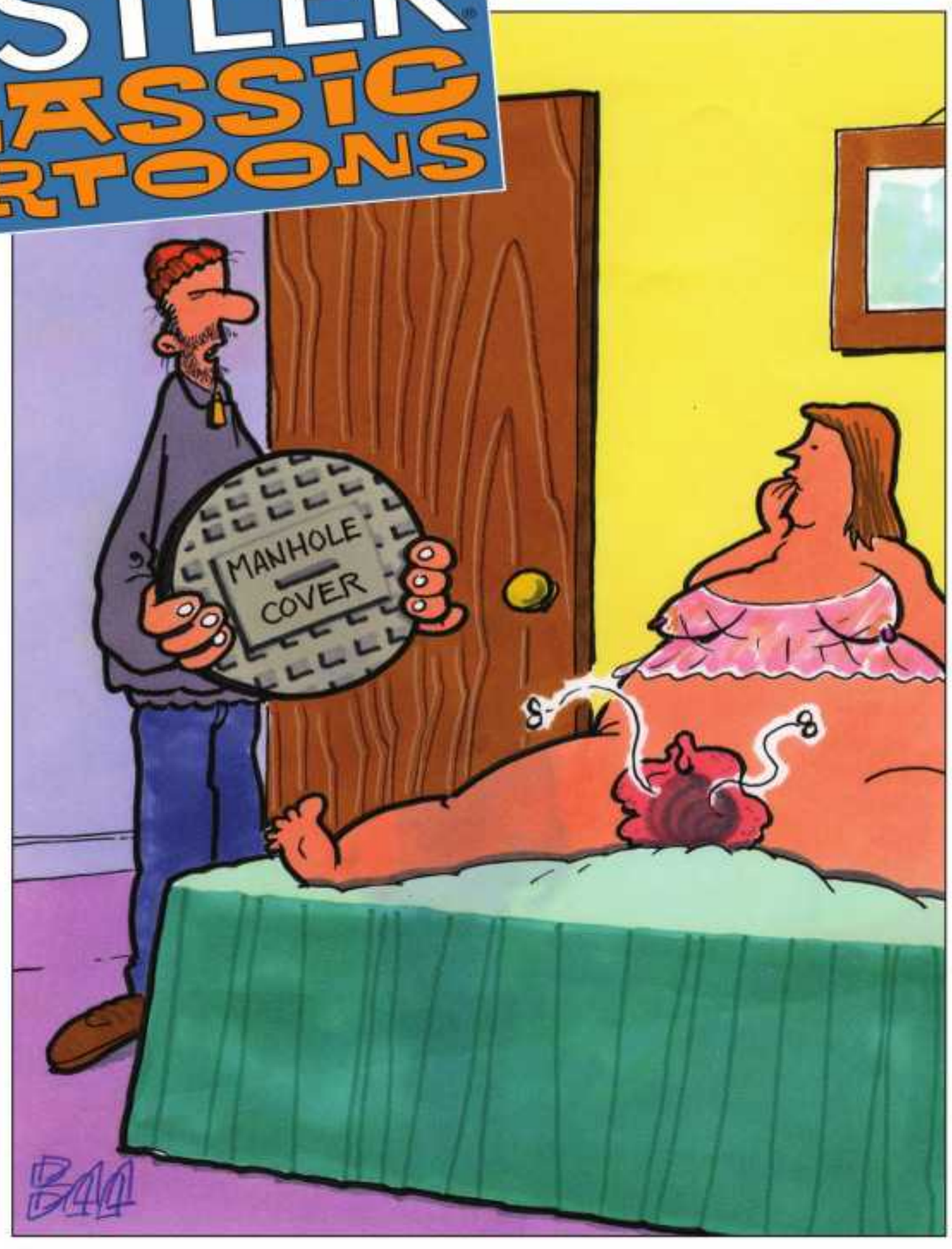
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"I wish you would try this just once without panties, Margaret."



HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS





"I found this out in the middle of the street...thought you could use it."

TOMMY LEE

"Best Fucking Ride Ever!"

Mötley Crüe's drummer: the luckiest man alive?

Tommy Lee is a modern-day Dean Martin. Men want to be him, and women want to fuck him. Drummer, reality star and lover of famous females, Tommy Lee is the man. We caught up with him at his California crib to discuss the almost three decades of Mötley madness, what it's like to play the drums upside down (in his underwear) and his lust for life.

HUSTLER: Are you the luckiest man alive?

TOMMY LEE: I might be. I don't know (*Laughs.*)

What is your secret?

I don't know if there is one. I definitely don't try. Maybe that's the secret right there. I think I have a lust for life. When I wake up in the morning, I'm like: "What are we doing today?!" I still have that little kid thing. I'm not sure what that is. It might be my children's fault. They keep me young. I still do all the shit that at some point most adults stop doing, like playing in the sandbox. They keep my lust for life alive.

Do you still love making music?

I live for that, man. There is nothing better. I'm finally building a full-on recording studio downstairs in my house. I go down there sometimes at night, and a tear will come to my eye. Finally! I've had home recording studios before, but they've always been sort of jimmy-rigged. I'm building a state-of-the-art recording studio. I've waited my whole life to have this. Once we get off the road, I'm going to go downstairs, and I'm not coming out for several months.

Did you ever imagine when Mötley Crüe was starting out that the band would still be going strong decades later?

Never. I still think back. We were just at the Whisky a Go Go [L.A.'s legendary Sunset Strip rock club] the other night picking a band to tour with us on our next run. It was so weird walking back in there where it all began. I thought, *Fuck!* I remember calling my parents on the pay phone and saying: "Mom! Dad! We sold out three nights at the Whisky! Friday, Saturday and Sunday!" I was 17 years old, so naive and green. I thought selling out three nights at the Whisky meant we made

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

it! I had no clue about the future, about doing anything other than that. I was just living in the moment.

What do you remember most about the early days?

I remember our spirit. We would pile into my fucking rickety-ass Chevy van and jump out with staple guns to blast flyers on telephone poles. All we wanted to do was make it even though we didn't know what that was. I don't think anybody knew it would have become this giant. We were just trying to sell out a club in Hollywood. Everything else from there has been a fucking unbelievable ride.

Back then you guys were a gang. Did you ever commit crimes?

All the time, man. When we were at the club the other night, Nikki [Sixx] reminded me about this one time. There was this unmanned cop car parked in the alley behind the Whisky, and Nikki picked up this stick and smashed in the fucking window. He took a piss inside the fucking cop car! It was weird going back to the Whisky because you start thinking about all those early days.

We lived literally a hundred yards from the club at the corner of Clark and Sunset. And on the mic Vince [Neil] would invite all the people from the Whisky up to our small apartment. Five hundred people would be jammed into our apartment, and they would be fucking smashed in there, wasted. Eventually cops came and broke it up. Those were fucking amazing days, man!

How does it feel to have your own festival, and what was the best part of Crüe Fest?

It was probably one of the most fun summers I've had in a while. It's pretty epic if you think about where we came from. To now have our own festival? Ozzy is to blame for that. He kind of took us under his wing, and we became friends. We toured with him. Then he did Ozzfest, which I played with my solo project, Methods of Mayhem. When it finally happened, we all just looked at each other and said, "Dude, we have a fucking festival. This is crazy!" I never could have imagined that in a million years.

What is life on the road like now that your other bandmates are sober, and you're the lone partier?

I'm still flying the flag. Woo-hoo! Thank God! It's funny because it's definitely a different time. We don't ride around in one bus together. We all have our separate buses, which is understandable because everyone has kids. I can't imagine having us all on one bus.

I'm the guy that they put all the way down at the other end of the hallway. I travel with a huge fucking PA system with gigantic speakers. Every night after the show everybody lines up. I have one rule. If you want to get into my dressing room, you have to remove one article of clothing. Either your top or your pants. Needless to say, it gets fucking crazy every night. So, for me, nothing has changed.

Have you gotten into some debauchery with younger bands?

They were all in my room. Every night. (*Laughs.*)

You've always been really innovative with your drum kit, like the giant kick drum this past Crüe Fest. What can we expect next?

We've yet to determine that. I've done some of the craziest shit ever, but I have this vision in my head of building a roller coaster where the car is the drum set with a couple of jump seats in the back. Run out to the crowd and grab a couple of fans, then fucking strap 'em in.

The track would go all around the arena. It would start above the PA section of the stage, come down, do a loop, go to the back section of the arena, do another loop. Then go to the top of the track and (*mimics a roller coaster sound*) *chick chick chick* do the whole thing again backwards! I'll be drumming the whole time, with two fans strapped to my back. It would be fucking awesome. Mount some cameras on that. I see it. I can fucking taste it. I'm gonna do it. It's just a matter of when.

That would beat the time you used hydraulics to lift your drum kit and spun it in a 360-degree loop. What went through your mind while you were hanging upside down, playing the drums in your underwear?

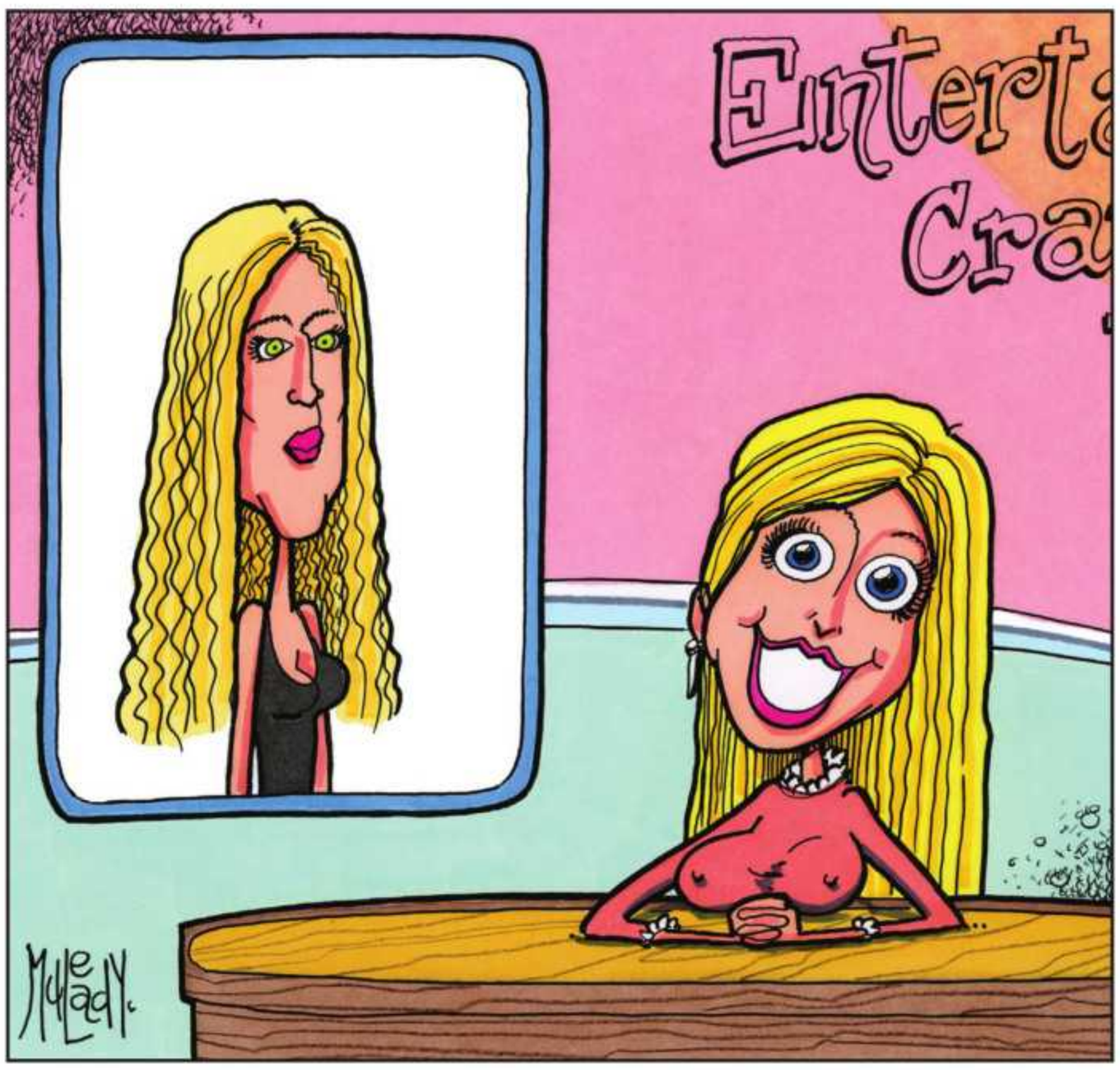
More than anything, other than loving it and going crazy, is watching the look on people's faces when you see somebody in the audience just fucking flipping out. That's why I'm here. Then I know I've done my job. I hate to call it a job because it's definitely not work. As a kid I went to many shows, and when the drummer did a solo, I would watch people go buy a beer or a T-shirt. Or go take a piss. Whatever. Because the drum solo was the boring part of the show.

I thought, *That can't happen at my shows. Fuck that!* I've always had this desire to be out front anyway. With my solo stuff I play guitar and sing. I try to take the drums and make them the focal point. To make people walk away and say, "Dude! I saw this show last night, and this fucking drummer was fucking spinning around upside down in his fucking underwear. It was the most insane thing I've ever seen!" To me that's like *ca-ching!* Nailed it!

Any insight into which support bands will sign up for Crüe Fest 2?

No talk of that yet. Nikki had his Sixx:A.M. project on the first Crüe Fest, and he was doing double duty. He said, "Next year, fucking Tommy is doing this." I've been dying to make another Methods of Mayhem record. I think that's probably going to happen.

I started doing demos and getting that ready because I'd really love to have Methods on the next Crüe Fest. It would be fucking awesome. Other than that, we haven't talked about who's next. I can tell you it will be bands that have good songs first and foremost. That's so



"Speaking of lipstick on a pig, Ann Coulter was seen shopping for cosmetics the other day."

important. It won't be your flavor of the week.

What is your favorite Crüe album and Crüe song?

Fuck! That's like the hardest question. We did a record without Vince that's fucking amazing. It was the self-titled one with singer John Corabi. There are some tracks on that I think are so well written, recorded and performed. When any band switches the frontman, that's dangerous. We all figured that out.

People are used to what they're used to. So that record wasn't successful. We worked really hard on that record because it seemed like we had so much to prove with Vince gone. We thought, *Fuck! This has got to be insane or we'll fall on our faces.* That was the most effort and passion we put into a record.

Then *Dr. Feelgood* is like a time warp. All of us, as a group, just said, "Fuck it! We're done with drinking and doing drugs." We took a year off and went to focus in the studio. That's another one that's monumental to me. Although *Shout at the Devil* has some cool stuff on it. I'm rambling because it's so hard to say "Yeah, that's my favorite."

What was the recording process like for the latest Crüe CD, *Saints of Los Angeles*?

That's a fucking badass record. With technology it's an interesting process. We did it in a way that we've not really done before. A lot of it was recorded in different spots. The drums were done here. We did guitar and bass at [Sixx:A.M. singer] James Michael's studio. We did some vocals in Vegas, where Vince lives. It was done really all over the place. The fact that you can do that now and put it all together to make it sound like everyone is in the same room rocking is awesome.

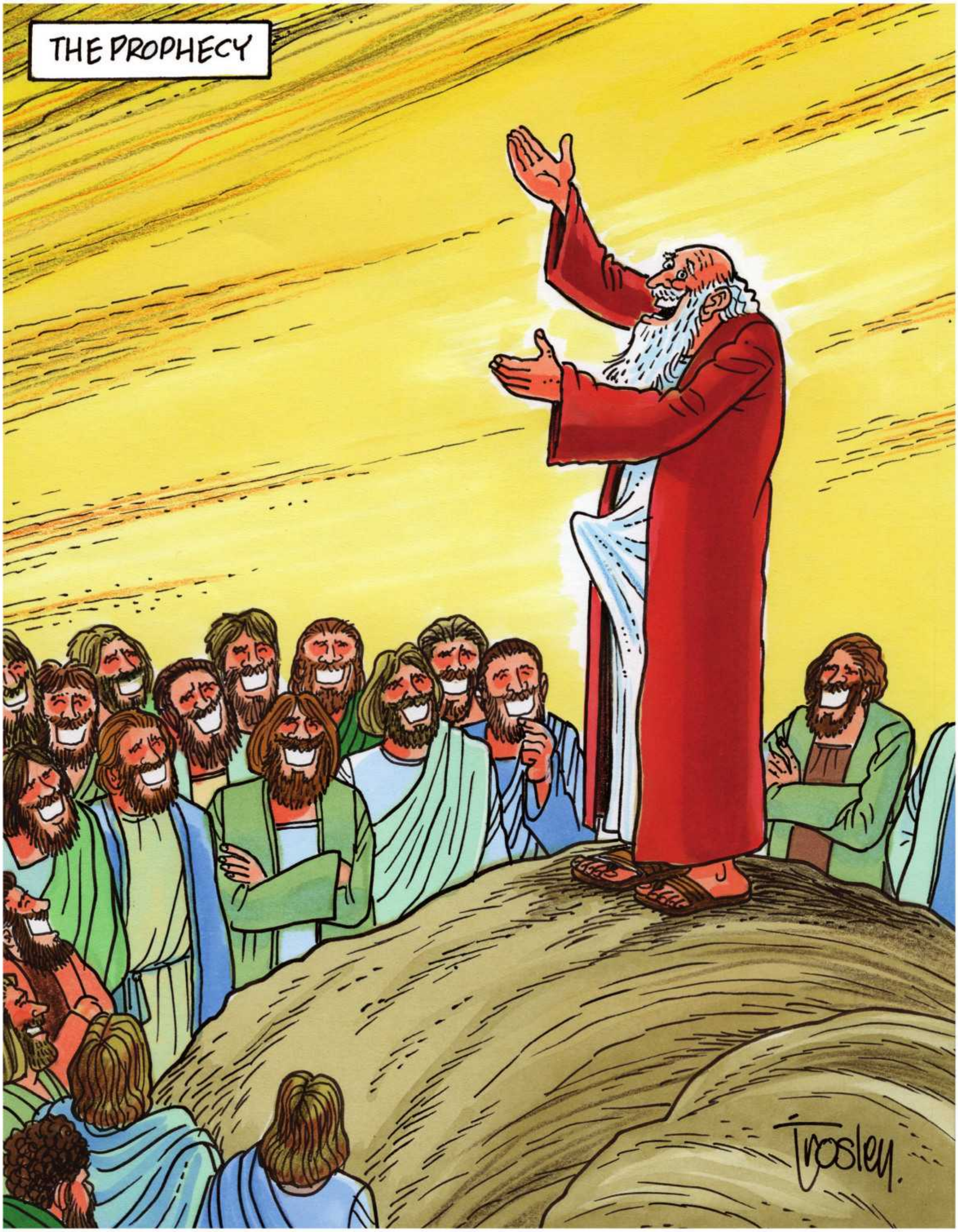
Do you have plans to do more reality TV?

Probably not. At this point in my life I'm so down to do things I've never done. Like I've got a list. Wrote a book. Did that. Did a TV show. Done fucking this and that. Jumped out of a fucking airplane skydiving at 10,000 feet like a moron. I don't want to be that guy sitting there on his deathbed 40 years from now going, "Fuck! I wish I would have…" At the end of the day I wanna be like, "That was the fucking best ride ever!" And I *will* say that. I'm gonna do everything!

What is left for you to do?

I'm working on a show that's in development. I'm doing it for my kids. It's an animation project like *Family Guy* called *Adventures of Jimmy Jacks*. It's a voice thing. It's full of crazy scenarios. That's something I've never done. I think it will be really funny to use my voice for some crazy cartoon animation.

There is always a purpose for doing reality shows. I did one show [*Tommy Lee Goes to College*] because I didn't get a chance to go to college. I got a record deal when I was 17. I quit high school my senior year. I didn't graduate. *(continued on page 97)*



"And his name shall be Larry Flynt, and he shall bring decades of images of God's most beautiful creations: tits, ass and juicy, wet pussy!"

THE PAGE

BETTY

Forever!

THE SAUCY ’50S PINUP WAS THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

BETTIE PAGE

Bettie Page was nubile and teasing, naughty but nice, a beauty with a down-to-earth aura and full-bodied figure. The Nashville-born brunette drifted into modeling in an era of tease rather than blatant sexuality, becoming the most photographed pinup of the 1950s, often seen in a skimpy bathing suit, negligee or nothing at all.

Bettie also did a huge body of B&D poses for Irving Klaw and his wife Paula—hogtied to a chair, paddling someone's butt or getting spanked herself—though Klaw was scrupulous about never showing nipples or pubic hair. Through it all, Bettie's "good girl" image remained intact. Abruptly, Bettie vanished from public life in 1957. Like James Dean and Marilyn Monroe, her image was still youthful, but she was just…gone.

Convinced that no one cared about a "has-been model," Bettie spent time as a Christian missionary in Angola. But her image stuck in the minds of artists like Olivia, Jim Silke and Dave "Rocketeer" Stevens, who used Bettie's face in new, vibrant works that revived her icon status tenfold in the 1980s. She became a global phenomenon, inspiring supermodels, photographers, designers, rock stars and a big-budget movie, *The Notorious Bettie Page*. Thanks to her fans, especially Dave Stevens, she actually saw money from the merchandising of her image. Still, Bettie avoided the public: She did not want to spoil the illusion of being eternally 25 years old.

We'll honor those wishes and present her as an adorably sexy woman with a naughty sparkle in her eyes. Bettie Page the woman died in December 2008. Bettie Page the icon lives forever.

PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES

BY TED NEWSOM

Jim Silke

EROTIC ARTIST EXTRAORDINAIRE

Bettie Page As Pinup Art

His lines perfectly capture the feminine form. His appreciative eye shows understanding of women—their shape and their secrets. And his creations are hot.

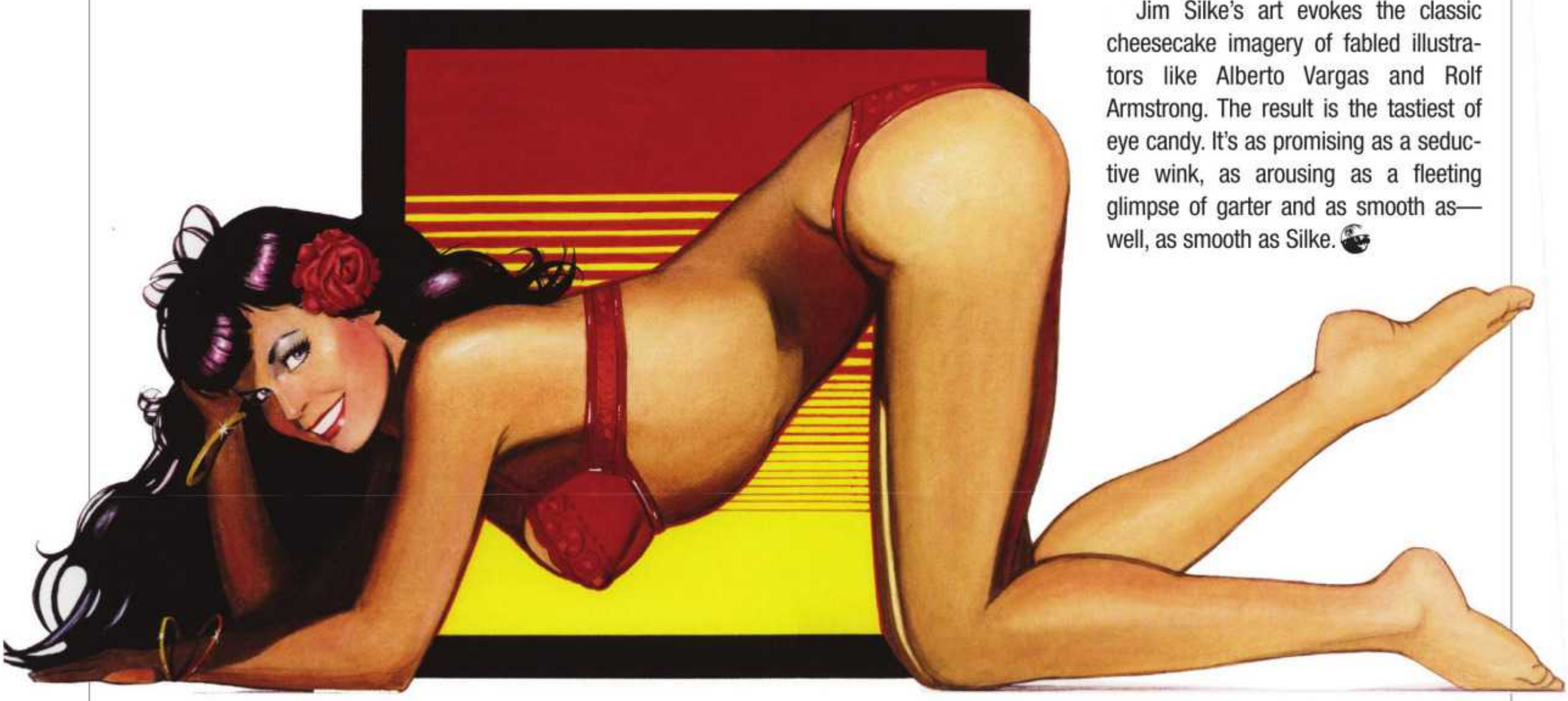
Jim Silke was attracted to the world of pinup art by his love of beautiful women—and comic books. Many artists use that genre as a training ground and launching pad for other forms of expression. Silke chose comics after a lifetime of other creative endeavors. He had a long, distinguished career as a magazine editor and art director, publisher, novelist (the *Death Dealer* series), glamour photographer, screenwriter (*American Ninja*, *King Solomon's Mines*) and historian (the documentary *Directed by John Ford*). In 1991, at the age of 60, Silke switched gears and jammed full throttle back to his first love: comic books.

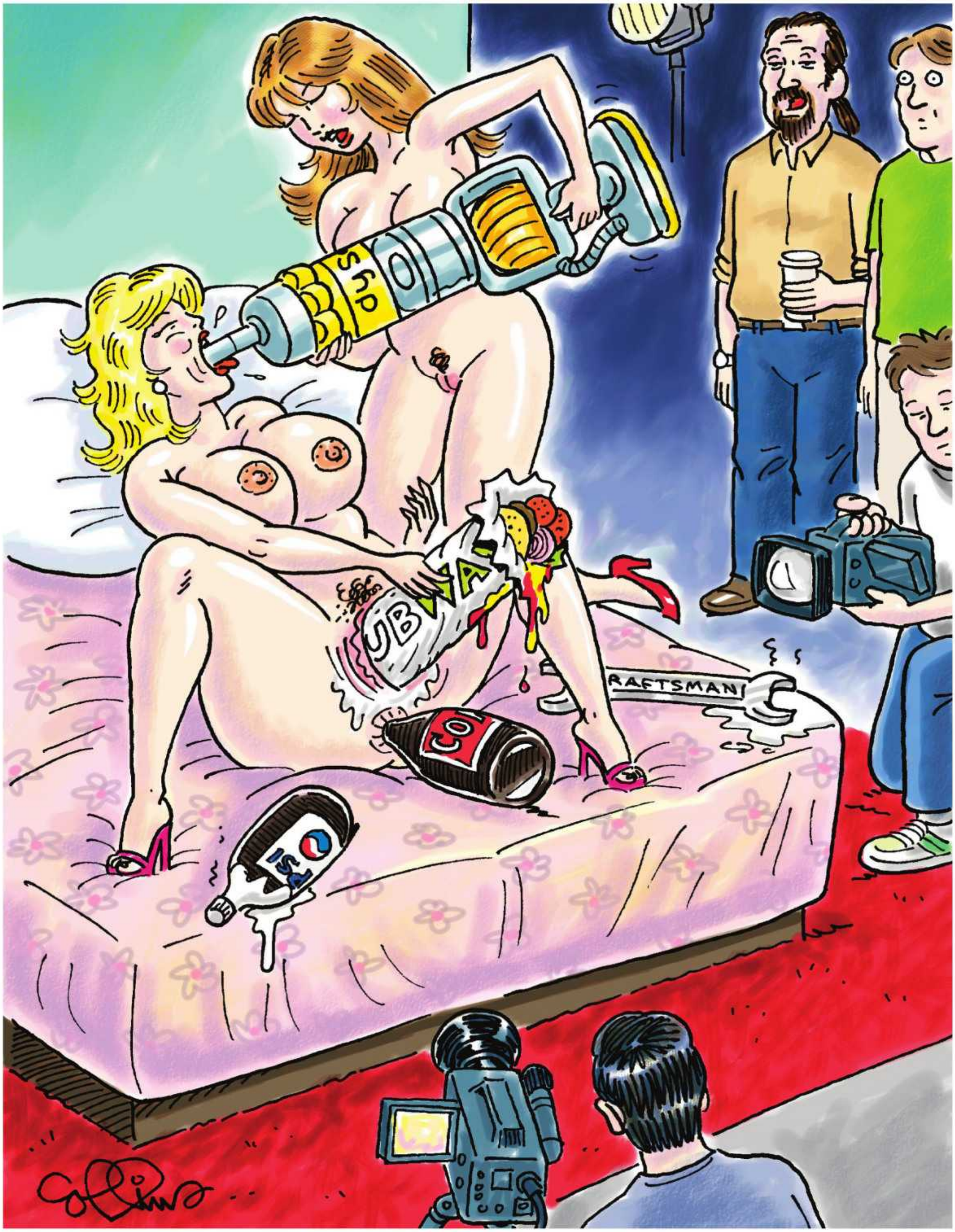
Through Dark Horse Comics he published the graphic novels *Rascals in Paradise* and *Bettie Page: Queen of the Nile*, as well as the coffee table books *Pin-Up: The Illegitimate Art* (about his often-hilarious professional life) and *Bettie Page: Queen of Hearts*, a paean to the world's favorite sexpot. In his latest

ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY JIM SILKE

collection, *Bettie Page Rules*, Silke recalls his heyday as a glamour photographer in the 1950s.

Jim Silke's art evokes the classic cheesecake imagery of fabled illustrators like Alberto Vargas and Rolf Armstrong. The result is the tastiest of eye candy. It's as promising as a seductive wink, as arousing as a fleeting glimpse of garter and as smooth as—well, as smooth as Silke.





"The recession has hit the porn industry hard too, so we've had to rely more on product placement revenues."

Au Naturel

SARAH PEACHEZ

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

I started my career as a mainstream model at age 16," **Sarah Peachez** reveals. "Modeling has always been my passion. I couldn't wait until I was 18 so I could do nude work. One of my dreams was to be in magazines like *Playboy* and HUSTLER. Actually, I'm really excited to be in HUSTLER first because I get to show off everything. I hope I look okay."

Hoping to make it big, **Sarah** has become a virtual workaholic. "I don't really take much time off," she remarks. "I mostly model, dance and work on my Web site. I'm really career-driven at this point in my life. I don't have any hobbies. The only time I really let loose and have fun is at night. That's why I'm glad I live in Las Vegas. There's a party going on 24/7!"

Will we catch Sarah getting down and dirty in porn flicks at some point? “Funny that you ask,” the scintillating newcomer replies. “I just did my very first blowjob scene, and it was great. I’m easing my way into the adult world. I want to make sure I make the right choices to help forward my career. I think you’ll be seeing a lot more of me very soon.”

SARAH PEACHEZ'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Las Vegas | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-4

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BEWARE

YOU ARE WHAT YOU DRINK

Are chemical substances in our water turning men into women or just killing off their sperm?

A lot has happened since we last told you the world is drenched in chemicals and other pollutants that can destroy masculinity (HUSTLER, May '05). None of it is good. Sperm counts among men remain low, and some aquatic animals are turning into she-male hermaphrodites, actually producing eggs in their shrinking male sex organs.

Scientists agree that the environment is loaded with endocrine disruptors (EDs), substances that screw up male and female hormones. Their devastating effect on animals is well established, but human studies are rare. However, existing evidence clearly shows that EDs cause reduced or deformed penises, testes that do not descend and decreased sperm counts in males and early onset of puberty in females. High concentrations of EDs have been found in semen, ovarian follicles, uteruses and breast milk.

Scientists will continue to detect changes in feminine and masculine personality traits, including sexual preference. This is especially true of children exposed to EDs in the womb. Exposure in adulthood has resulted in breast, prostate and testicular cancers, one study stated.

THE HUMAN TOLL: The effects on humans are frightfully clear. A controversial 1992 Danish study showed a drastic decline in sperm counts. The investigators found that men in Western countries have as low as half the sperm production of their grandfathers' generation. Other studies prove that minute amounts of EDs can lead to "chemical castration" in males.

Sperm count decreases are more pronounced in men born recently, according to a report in the prestigious medical journal *The Lancet*. Based on the rate of decline from 1992 to 1997 charted by this research, we

can extrapolate that the decrease could hit 100% by 2040. Additional surveys indicate that male births are falling in many countries. After conducting a study, investigators stated that the trend is caused by environmental agents that disrupt the development of males in the womb.

Women are also affected. Chemical contaminants have been blamed for large increases in premature births and higher rates of breast cancer. In a nationwide study of 17,000 girls between the ages of three and 12, more than a quarter of the African-American subjects began puberty before the age of eight. The average age for white girls was nine—appreciably lower than in the past. A number of girls as young as three years old showed signs of puberty. The study stated that the cause for this accelerated maturation is estrogen-related substances in the environment.

TESTING THE WATER, TESTING THE TESTES: Aquatic animals show even more dramatic effects of EDs. In 2003 nearly all male smallmouth bass in Virginia's Potomac and Shenandoah rivers disappeared, prompting environmentalists to take a close look.

"The males slowly returned to the waters, but their testes were actually found to have formed female sex organs inside of them," says Ed Merrifield, executive director of Potomac Riverkeeper. The deformed fish were found 200 miles upstream from Washington, D.C., and downstream from a large sewage treatment plant. Merrifield adds that these "intersex" fish are not normal and have been found all over the United States.

In 2008 a biologist found that 21% of male green frogs in a Connecticut suburban pond had eggs growing in their testes. The researcher also noted that there was evidence of pharmaceuticals and other chemicals in the water.

Pharmaceuticals are cropping up everywhere, even in the nation's "best-tasting water." When the New York State Health Department tested New York City's watersheds for 12 specific substances, they found the consistent presence of a heart medication (atenolol), the over-the-counter pain reliever ibuprofen, the antibiotic trimethoprim, caffeine and the female hormone estrone.

DRUGS, DRUGS EVERYWHERE... The drinking water of at least 41 million Americans contains antibiotics, anticonvulsants, mood stabilizers and sex hormones, according to a five-month 2008 study conducted by the National Investigative Team of the Associated Press.

"We clearly know the effect on fish and wildlife from controlled studies," says Sheldon Krimsky, Ph.D., professor of urban and environmental policy and planning at Tufts University in Massachusetts. The effects of just one hormone (a key ingredient in an oral birth control pill) were examined in an amazing seven-year Canadian study, published in 2007. Researchers dosed a crystal-clear lake with the hormone at a level generally found in drinking water. After only seven weeks the lake's female minnows stopped reproducing, while the male minnows began producing egg yolks, and their gonads shrank.

Detractors of such studies are quick to point out that the amounts of EDs in the water supply are minuscule.

According to Potomac Riverkeeper's Ed Merrifield, "Drugs and products like pesticides

are made to work in microdoses." That would explain why, in one study, smaller doses of pesticides were actually more effective than larger doses at turning male frogs into hermaphrodites. "The smaller doses may get past the immune system more easily than larger doses," Merrifield explains.

Aside from a handful of studies such as AP's and New York State's, research on drug pollution is rare. The experts do know that we're getting dosed every time we swallow a glass of water, however. The AP study found drugs in the drinking water of 24 major cities, noting that no one knows the effects of years and years of drinking contaminated water.

"Scientists have been finding pharmaceuticals in hundreds of public waterways across the nation and throughout the world," the study announced. Even worse, it cited case after case of local and state governments lying about the results of studies on drugs in their water.

...AND NOT A DROP TO DRINK: "Scientists admit that chemicals are creating intersex animals, but we can't point to which chemicals because there are so many," Merrifield acknowledges. Pharmaceutical companies are supposedly forbidden to dump hazardous wastes into the environment, although the government doesn't often bother to check on how the companies and hospitals dispose of drugs and their chemical components. Most drugs in the water supply come from people who take medications (or give them to their pets), as well as cattle and other livestock plied with steroids and hormones to pump them up. Much of a given drug is excreted, eventually ending up in our water. Personal care products that go down the shower drain—such as hair dyes, fragrances and sunscreen products—are also a factor.

Americans' consumption of medications has ballooned to 3.7 billion prescription and 3.3 billion nonprescription drug purchases each year, amounts that will probably rise sharply as the huge Baby Boomer population ages.

"This rise of prescriptions is a crucial factor," Professor Krimsky explains. "There has been a huge increase in the number of psychopharmaceutical agents that are not filtered by the body. Much ends up excreted from the body into the water system." As for why there is no set limit or federal testing of drugs in water, Krimsky says, "It's complicated. The EPA sees this as a consumer behavior issue because consumers account for most of the pollution."

But consumers don't know how to safely dispose of drugs they no longer need. We're told to flush them or throw them in the garbage: In both instances they end up seeping into the groundwater.

Another crucial issue is that medications aren't the only source of residual drug ingredients. "There are also chemicals that mimic the effects of female hormones, in plastics for example," says David Willett, spokesman for the Sierra Club. These have been shown to affect the sexual characteristics of fish and their ability to reproduce, he adds. A chemical in plastics that are used to make baby bottles, water bottles and food and beverage cans has been shown to accelerate the onset of puberty in girls.

The news gets even more dire. Water treatment technology can remove bacteria and large pollutants but is unable to remove drugs. "Wastewater treatment does not filter

small particles, such as pharmaceuticals," Willett notes. A technology called reverse osmosis can remove all drugs but is not being developed because it is very costly.

"Maybe the technology will catch up in the future," Willett says. In the meantime our drinking water has become a stew of hormone disruptors. And don't think that bottled water is a safe alternative. Bottlers don't treat or test for drugs, and many simply sell tap water. The tons of plastic water bottles in the nation's landfills probably just add to the problem, since plastic is also a source of EDs.

IS THERE ANY HOPE? The Bush Administration and various government agencies not only dropped the ball on drug pollution, they also never had possession. Some EPA scientists, such as Christian Daughton, rang the alarm about pharmaceuticals in our water years ago but to little effect. Although legislative hearings took place on the hermaphroditic fish found in the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, no proposals ensued.

"The Clean Water Act of 1972 set a goal of zero man-made pollutants in our water by 1985," Merrifield notes. Today, he laments, 39% of all rivers in this country are classified as too polluted for safe swimming or fishing. "The EPA was given $60 million to study the problem over ten years," Merrifield adds, "and the problem remains. In 2006, when I testified before Congress, the EPA said they had not found one endocrine disruptor in drinking water."

Merrifield believes trying to figure out which pollutants do what to life on the planet is a waste of time. "Our best hope," he says, "is to get to that 1985 goal by using tight regulation to stop legal and illegal pollution."

Better water treatment technology will help too, Merrifield says, if it ever becomes reality. "Above all, we have to stop putting raw sewage directly into water. Every year, 240 million tons of toxins and 850 billion gallons of raw sewage end up in our waterways."

Of course, the previous administration was disastrous to environmental issues. "President Bush actually revoked protective status from thousands of waterways," Merrifield complains.

"Drugs in the water was not on the radar before the findings in New York," the Sierra Club's David Willett says, "but that study has had a huge impact. The problem is going to be seen as more important now."

The question is, will the government listen and respond? The EPA recently stated that when it comes to drugs in America's water supply, it has no plans to test or act.

Debbie Epstein, HUSTLER's Science Editor-at-Large, is an award-winning journalist who has written extensively for medical and consumer publications. She and her husband reside in Ringwood, New Jersey.

BY DANIEL PORT

SCREEN NAME:

Natalie Sparks

AGE: 22

STATUS: SINGLE

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 12,946

LOCATION: Las Vegas

URL: MySpace.com/TheRealNatalieSparks

"I'll be a Vegas girl till the day I die," proclaims this month's MySpace hottie, Natalie Sparks. As you can see, the 5-foot-4 Sin City resident has a body that will catch the eye of even the most grizzled gambler. Natalie's tight ass definitely deserves praise and admiration, but she has another attribute that never fails to make a lasting impression. "Everyone compliments my tits," she says. No disagreement here.

Don't get the wrong idea, though. Natalie isn't just another supersexy girl living in Nevada's bustling desert metropolis. The "sun bunny" has a few macho joys—namely football, good beer (her ancestry is German and Italian) and target shooting. Never afraid to embarrass the guys when the opportunity presents itself, Natalie boasts, "I'm a pretty good shot. I also love photography and playing video games. My favorites at the moment are *Halo* and *Saints Row*."

Deftly handling a firearm and kicking someone's butt at Xbox 360 aren't the neophyte model's only adrenaline-driven pursuits. "When I get really stressed out or have a headache," Natalie explains, "sex is the remedy. I always feel so much better after having a few orgasms." Sure sounds like our type of gal.

Therapeutic or not, Natalie's amorous skills extend far beyond the bedroom. "Probably the craziest thing I've done so far," Natalie confides, "was videotaping myself giving head while my boyfriend was driving. Yes, I'm incredibly talented! I didn't even make a mess."

It's hard not to love a chick who knows how to keep her man happy and the car spotless.

If you want to see or hear more from the unbashful cyberbabe, be sure to check out both her MySpace page and **NatalieSparks.com**, where she gets naked in a photo gallery and during live Webcam shows.

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #30

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

Photos courtesy NatalieSparks.com

A MIKE CREED ADVENTURE

ESCORT ESCAPADE

SHE WAS THE KIND

Even with the shiner, she had the eyes of an angel.

Some goon had worked her over; her lips, normally fulsome anyway, were puffed up pretty good. A purple bruise marred her right cheek, but even with that she looked amazing for a woman in her early 40s.

"So," Alexis said, poking at her lunch. "You gonna help me, Mike?"

Alexis was an old friend. She knew I couldn't say no. "I'm not sure what I can do," I answered, looking out the restaurant window on a bright L.A. afternoon.

"You could talk to him. See if we can make a deal."

"Nikolayev's not known for talking." I took a bite out of my BLT. She looked wounded. "Okay," I muttered, giving in. "I'll try." I should have known better.

Driving down Sunset, listening to Pavarotti on the CD player (there's nothing like Pavarotti while driving with the top down on a sun-drenched California day), I thought of all the great times Alexis and I had had over the years. Of course, it helped that she ran an escort service; when it wasn't Alexis and me in bed, it was Alexis and me and Bunny, or Sandy, or Barbi, and, well, the permutations were endless. Alexis never charged me. But then, I never said no when she needed a favor.

Wheeling into the nearly empty parking lot of Maxim's Steak House, I knew I was going to earn those freebies. Maxim Nikolayev was trying to take over my friend's business. I had to talk him out of it.

The restaurant, dark and quiet, was dead. Just a couple of rummies at the bar and the hired help. One of them, the biggest one, approached me. "Whaddaya want?" The Russian looked like he was chiseled from stone, and his breath smelled like garbage.

"I want to see the boss," I said. Garbage-Breath indicated I should follow him to a back room.

Maxim Nikolayev—in his early 50s, balding but still vital-looking, maybe even handsome in a cruel, cold way—was sitting behind his desk, going over some receipts. "Mike Creed," he said, smiling slyly as I approached his desk. "To what do I owe this visit?"

"Alexis asked me to talk to you," I replied, peeling one of his business cards from its holder. "She wants to work out a deal."

Nikolayev laughed. "You want to negotiate?" he asked incredulously, his Russian accent thickening. "With me? Are you fucking kidding?!"

Everyone knew not to screw with Nikolayev. If he wanted something, he would take it. If someone protested, he'd usually wind up dead. I figured I was safe though, because I was just representing a third party. I was wrong.

"Take him out back," Nikolayev told Garbage-Breath. "Show him how *I* negotiate."

The goon dragged me out a side door into an empty alley. Spinning loose, I ducked beneath his arm as he took a swing. He swung again, and I side-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRUCE DAVID

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to real persons,

OF WOMAN YOU'D MARRY...IF SHE WASN'T A WHORE.

stepped him. Just when I started thinking I stood a chance with the thug, his fist connected with my stomach. A second blow, this one to my head, put my lights out.

"Mike! Wake up! Come on, Mike." I heard her voice, but it seemed far away and unimportant. I wanted to stay in the blackness. It didn't hurt as much there. "Wake up," she repeated shrilly, "and I'll give you some pussy!" Alexis always knew how to get my attention.

I was in her bedroom. "How'd I get here?" I was trying to lift myself from the bed.

"I followed you," she said. "I was worried."

Wracked with pain, I sat up at the edge of the bed. "Worried about me?" I grunted. "You know I can handle myself."

"Yeah," Alexis responded, handing me a drink. "I don't know what I was thinking." I gulped down the cognac—Remy. The lady knew what I liked. "I had a helluva time dragging you into my car," Alexis continued. "The girls helped me once I got you here. You could lose some weight."

"It's all muscle."

Alexis pulled her sweater over her head to reveal a pair of silicone-enhanced breasts.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I feel bad, Mike. I wanna make it up."

Dropping the sweater to the floor, Alexis shimmied out of her tight-fitting black slacks. What is it about an older woman that appeals to me so much? The ripe body, its life history written on it? The confidence with which she approaches sex? That and more, at least as far as Alexis goes.

Bending forward, her large tits swaying in my face, Alexis undid my pants. I leaned back on the bed, lifting my hips as she yanked them and my underwear down to my ankles. A moment later she had her beautiful mouth on my stiff dick. Despite my pain, I felt transported as her head bobbed slowly up and down my shaft, her eyes gazing at mine through the veil of hair that fell across her face.

Moments later, Alexis was straddling me cowgirl-style, her pussy wrapped around my dick, her eyes smoky with passion as she gazed down at me. Was she acting? For all the times we've screwed, I've never known…and never really cared. That was the effect she had on me—on all her customers, I suppose. She made each one of us feel special. Maybe I really was.

Alexis leaned forward to plant her lush lips on mine, her pussy still clenching my shaft as she rode me hard. We tongued each other for a moment or two, then I licked her neck, working my way to her left earlobe, where I planted my tongue and let out a long breath. She moaned, then shuddered in orgasm. My release came moments after. The excruciating pain from Garbage-Breath's beating immediately flooded back.

A few evenings later, feeling a little better, I went to the SkyBar, looking for some action, if you get my drift. Alexis had told me about having another avenue to pursue with Nikolayev, adding she'd get back to me if that didn't pan out. I couldn't imagine what her plan might be, but—not being a glutton for punishment—I agreed to wait. No sense not taking advantage of my downtime.

I was standing at the bar, swirling my Remy in a warmed-up snifter, when Carol Steel walked in, wearing a gold-silk dress that caressed every part of her body. Even with all the first-class pussy in the joint, she stood out, apparently unaffected by the bullet that Robert Mandrake had put in her gut. Seeing me, she nodded.

"Hi, Mike," Carol purred, taking a seat alongside me.

"I see you've made a full recovery," I responded.

"I'm as flexible as ever," she smiled. "Wanna take me for a test-drive?" Actually, I did. But I resolved not to. Not that it was an easy decision. If she looked any hotter, I'd have gotten sunburn.

Like me, Carol was a private investigator. Her business card and stationery read "C. Steel," probably to obscure her gender. After all, who wants to hire a female private eye? But people who knew her said the *C* stood for "Cold," as in "Cold Steel." Carol was, in fact, more ruthless and more dangerous than any man I knew. I doubted she had a soul.

"I'll pass," I answered.

"Can we still do business together?" It's always business with her.

"I told you," I insisted, "I don't have Mandrake's documents." Even with the millionaire dead, the documents would be worth a fortune to certain people. We both knew that.

"Too bad," Carol shrugged. "With my contacts and those documents, we could both retire."

I was about to respond when my cell phone rang. It was Bunny, one of Alexis's girls. She was breathless and panicky. Given the noise level in the SkyBar, I had trouble hearing her at first. Then suddenly she came through loud and clear: "Alexis is in trouble. They've got her."

"I'll kill Nikolayev if he lays a hand on her," I yelled into the phone.

"It's not Nikolayev," Bunny stammered. "She went to see Ricardo Amoroza." I was astounded. Amoroza was a small-time but vicious figure in the criminal underground.

I shouted into the phone, "What was she thinking?!"

Bunny's tremulous voice replied, "She didn't want you to get hurt again."

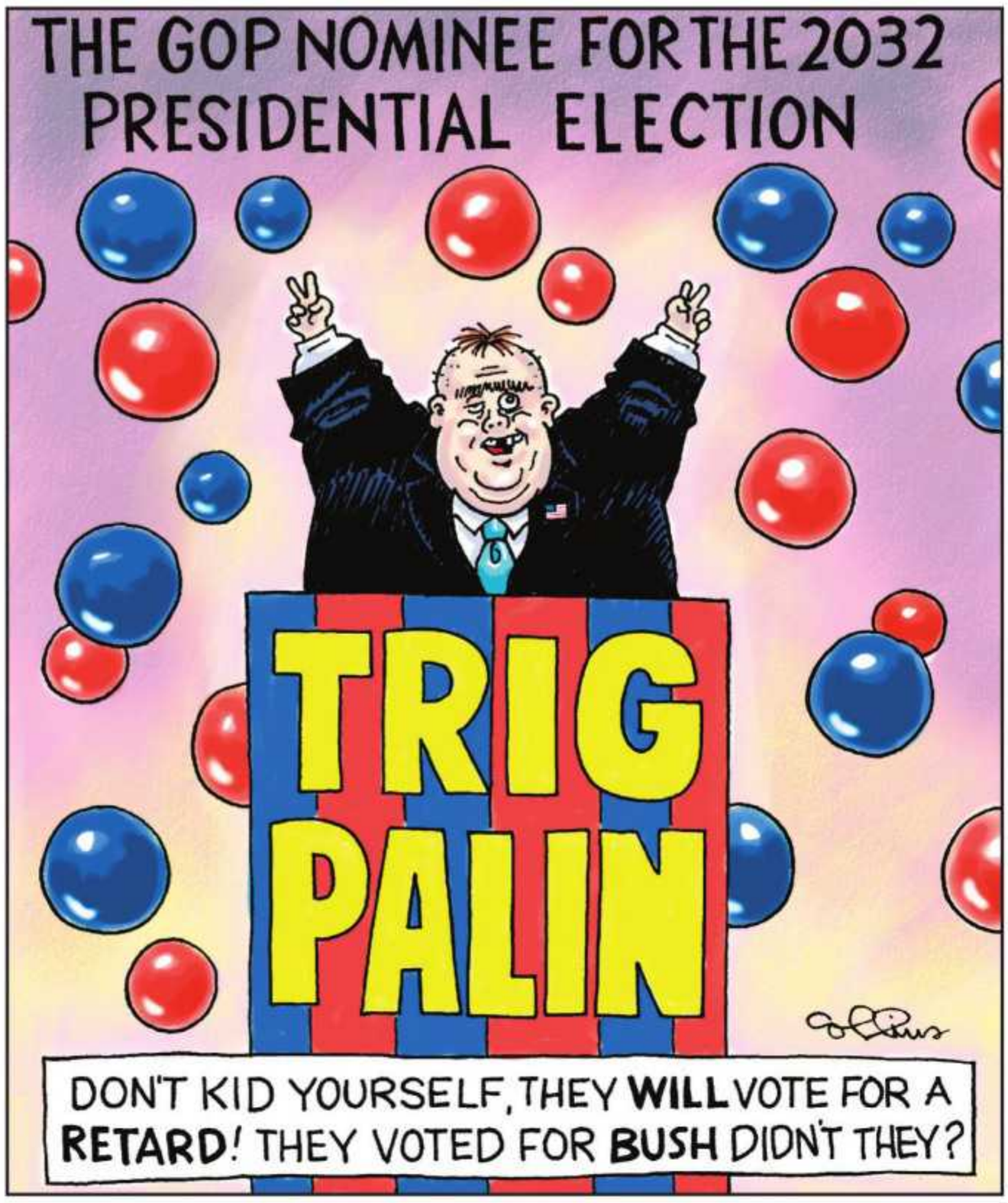
Carol stood open-mouthed as I raced for the door.

I navigated my car down the dark streets of L.A.'s barrio. According to Bunny, Alexis thought maybe she could buy protection from Amoroza—the kind that would keep Maxim Nikolayev at bay. But now Amoroza was demanding a hundred grand for Alexis's safe return. So I was heading to the hood's warehouse to make the payoff. The only problem was I didn't have any money. I'd brought along a suitcase filled with bricks. Well, I'd figure something out. I hoped.

I parked a block away from my destination. Moving in the shadows, I slowly worked my way to the rear of the warehouse while keeping a sharp lookout for guards. There was only one. I slammed him from behind with the heavy suitcase, and his head split open like a piñata. He staggered, then fell to the ground unconscious.

When I finally reached the entryway, I turned the handle and breathed a sigh of relief. The door was unlocked. I pulled it back a tad, just far enough to see Alexis in the center of the

living or dead, is purely coincidental.


THE GOP NOMINEE FOR THE 2032 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION
TRIG PALIN
DON'T KID YOURSELF, THEY WILL VOTE FOR A RETARD! THEY VOTED FOR BUSH DIDN'T THEY?

A MIKE CREED ADVENTURE

dimly lit warehouse, seated, a gag over her mouth, her hands and legs tied to the chair. Suitcase in hand, I stepped inside and headed toward Alexis. Her eyes told me that Amoroza was lurking in the shadows behind me.

"Did you bring the *dinero*?" It was Amoroza.

"Half of it," I lied, still crossing the distance to Alexis. "I wanted to make sure the lady wasn't hurt." I figured that he was more likely to believe me if I said I'd brought half the ransom, not all of it.

"Put the suitcase down," Amoroza snorted as I reached Alexis's side. I turned in time to see him step from the shadows, a .357 Magnum in his hand. It was aimed squarely at me. "And your piece," he added.

I put the suitcase down. Then, reaching slowly into my shoulder holster, I pulled out my gun.

"Slide it across the floor," the kidnapper demanded. I crouched down, placed the gun on the cement floor, then thrust it forward. It skidded to a stop halfway to Amoroza. He looked at it with annoyance. Now he'd have to take a few steps to grab it.

Still crouched on the floor, I pulled a Beretta from my right boot and fired. My first shot got Amoroza in the chest. He looked down in surprise as blood spread across his white dress shirt. My second shot got him right between the eyes. Amoroza fell faceup on the floor, blood oozing from his head like a bubbling fountain.

I walked over to the dead Mexican and pulled a business card from my jacket pocket. Folding it into something like a coke straw, I bent down and jammed it into the motherfucker's gaping head wound.

Alexis and I drove back to my Hollywood Hills home in silence. It wasn't until we were safely inside and I had poured two stiff drinks that she spoke. "Why'd you kill Amoroza, Mike?"

"He would have killed us once he realized the suitcase was filled with bricks," I answered. "Would you have preferred that?"

"I'm sorry, Mike," Alexis murmured. "I didn't mean to sound critical. I'm really glad you got there when you did. But it's not over, you know. Amoroza's gang will come after me and so will Nikolayev's."

I shook my head. "No, they won't. It's over, baby." Alexis looked puzzled. I fixed her with my gaze. "That card I stuffed into Amoroza's head?" She nodded. "It was Nikolayev's."

It was the one I'd taken off the restaurateur's desk when I was in his office. Before Garbage-Breath grabbed me, I'd tucked it into my pocket. Don't ask me why. But once I plugged Ricardo Amoroza, I knew the business card provided me with a unique opportunity.

"From now on," I assured Alexis, "both gangs are going to be too busy shooting at each other to even think about you or me."

We made mad love all night long. That's why I was feeling so good the next day. That is, I was feeling good until I got a package—propped up outside my office door—from a dead woman.

But that's another story.

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

SOLDIER'S JOY

Freebie for a Fighting Man

As you might have heard, from time to time the world-famous Moonlite BunnyRanch offers free sex to any soldier returning from duty in the Iraq War. Recently a Marine, 21 years old, came in to party. As I'd soon find out, he was well-hung!

After the handsome young man picked me out of the lineup, we got to know each other a little better at the bar. (To keep his real name private, I'll call him Danny.) We hadn't even finished our drinks when Danny told me he was ready for action, and so was I.

We were all over each other before I could even close the door to my room. It was all sweating, panting, rough sex. Some of the best I've ever had. This guy had me just about turned inside out. It was just awesome!

At one point Danny threw me around and just plowed me from behind with his enormous cock. I was biting on the sheets to keep from screaming too loud. Then soldier boy slipped out of my pussy and gently thrust his dick into my ass.

As he fucked me harder and harder, he reached around and began rubbing circles on my clit. It felt like my head was going to explode. I could feel his spike pulsing inside me with each stroke. Then he flipped me over on my back and pulled out.

Danny straddled over me and started jerking his glistening boner right in front of my face, and all I could do was diddle my pussy, open my mouth and wait for what he was going to drop. With my other hand I was busy pinching my nipples.

The Marine's face twisted up as his breathing quickened, and he climaxed fast and hard, spurting hot blasts of cum into my mouth. But his aim was off a little because I was moving, and some of his load caught my cheeks and chin, forehead and eyelids. Some even dribbled down onto my titties.

I was a mess when Danny finished, but I didn't care. I licked whatever jizz I could reach with my tongue. I cleaned him up too. It was just so freaking hot.

Since I still hadn't gotten off, I propped myself up on some pillows and spread my legs and just rubbed myself until I popped like never before. Man, that was about the nastiest, wildest sex I'd ever had in my life!

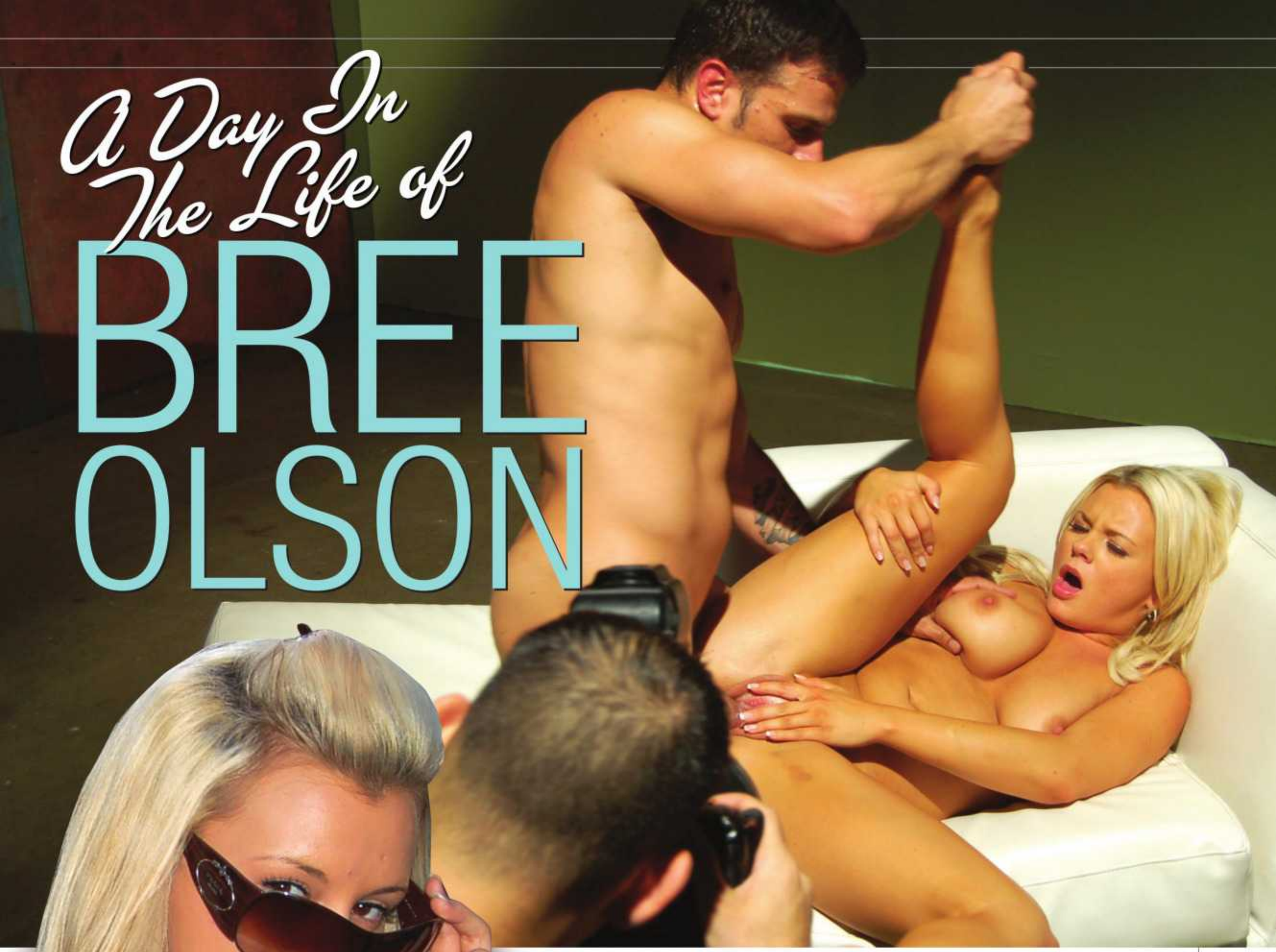
So, you see, prostitution is a business, but it's not always about the money. ***— Bunny Love***

Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

THE STARS OF HBO'S *CATHOUSE* RECOUNT THEIR MOST MEMORABLE SEXPLOITS.

A Day In The Life of BREE OLSON



HANGING OUT WITH THE CORN-FED XXX SUPERSTAR

"Thursday's vagina. Friday's anal. You pick."

Wow! If ever there were a *Sophie's Choice* level of difficulty in a decision. Bree Olson, drop-dead über-hottie with a superb body, has just asked me which orifice of hers I would prefer to view getting violated in the extreme, on camera, at her upcoming film shoot.

"Choose carefully," my brain says. A ringside seat for a sexual fantasy like this doesn't get offered up every day. My pulse races, and then it hits me. Calm down! It's chocolate cake versus a hot fudge sundae. *Godfather* or *Godfather II*. Aston Martin or Ferrari. It's all good. No matter what I say, I can't make a mistake. Door Number One or Door Number Two will both give me an equal lifetime of XXX memories to cherish.

If only the rest of life could be this simple.

How did I get to this erotic crossroads? The adventure starts a mere six hours earlier at the exclusive Italian eatery Il Pastaio in Beverly Hills, California. Unraveling the mystery of how a porn star spends her day is my assigned task.

PHOTOS: M. ALLEN NATHAN

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

BREE OLSON

"I don't like Los Angeles very much," says Bree, a lifelong resident of Fort Wayne, Indiana, as she delicately picks at a heaping plate of veal and peppers. "It's too crowded, there's never anywhere to park, and outside of going to the beach, the scenery's not that pretty."

Scenery, shmeanery. When you're in your 20s, most people's criterion for a favorite city is whether or not it's a place where they can easily get laid. This is of no concern to Bree, of course, who generally begins banging her brains out a few hours after her plane hits the tarmac.

"I'm all about business when I'm in L.A.," she explains. "I update my Web site, I shoot my movies, I do whatever meetings and appearances my manager has for me, and then I head back to Indiana. There's nothing in this city that really interests me."

That's not entirely true. Bree may prefer the vibe of small-town life in the heartland of America and may not lust for sex in the city, but tacky, crowded, superficial Los Angeles still has something to offer—fabulous shopping. After lunch, we hit the neighborhood stores, and her response—even though penetration isn't involved—is pretty darn close to orgasmic.

Bottega Veneta. Cartier. Bulgari. Fendi. Harry Winston. Internationally known names dealing in world-class luxury goods—and they're all lined up yards from each other. Bree scurries from one store to the next, meticulously examining outrageously expensive, exquisitely crafted purses and shoes, museum-quality jewelry and jaw-droppingly overpriced designer clothing—and has a great time.

There's nothing she really wants to buy at these places; as she'd explained to me earlier, she's a small-town girl at heart with "simple tastes." But like the fans who avidly watch her movies, Bree is enjoying the fantasy of temporarily connecting to something beautiful, even though—just like Bree to her aficionados—the $7,500 Limited Edition Bottega Veneta handbag is probably going to end up unattainable.

Then, suddenly, purses down. Bree declares it's time to get back to business. She has an audition to attend—and not for a porn job either. Ms. Olson is "offer only" in that arena; her body of work (and her body) speaks for itself. This will be a "mainstream audition" at Sony/Columbia, with a major casting director for a network TV show, Fox Television's *'Til Death*. The show has a potential role for a twentysomething with a girl-next-door look. Bree fits the bill.

But she's nervous. The issue isn't about being camera shy; after all, we're talking about someone who won the 2008 AVN Award for Best Anal Sex Scene. This is an

acting thing. Bree has only worked with performers like John E. Depth and Brandon Iron; getting "into the character" in front of the camera is a goal all actors try to achieve, not just the ones with a penis shoved inside them. Even though Bree's thespian talents have been captured in films like *Sin & Bare It* and *I Love Big Tits #2*, she still has to create an illusion that she's the hot, horny chick onscreen, not a shrewd businesswoman making a handsome living marketing herself as a sex object. Within her world she's consistently creating a compelling, watchable character, and that's still acting.

So, before the audition I take Bree to a corner and read the part with her. I tell her to slow down, to pay more attention to the words, to emphasize the comic and dramatic moments, and after a little practice she sounds pretty damn good, especially for a performer who's used to saying dialogue no more challenging than "I love it when you lick my asshole."

Bree walks into the audition with an air of

isn't nearly as important as skillfully slurping each other's privates. To get a job like this requires an entirely different skill set, at least in Bree's mind.

"I don't worry about myself when I'm doing my thing," she explains. "If I do something stupid or embarrassing, I can blame it on Bree. In many ways I'm more comfortable with myself when I'm in front of the camera doing porn than when I'm not."

I point out that losing oneself emotionally

confidence. During her interview she is cute, charming and vulnerable: the actual goddamn girl-next-door! When it's time to read the dialogue with the casting director, who knows all about Bree's XXX background, you could visibly notice the surprise on the woman's face as she listens to the aspirant's command performance. Bree Olson, porn star, clearly has the chops to make it as a mainstream actress.

But even though the audition goes well, that doesn't mean Bree's got the part. It only means she's being considered, along with lots of other talented, funny women. Chances are slim, but there is a chance. And no matter what the outcome might be, Bree rightly takes the experience as a victory.

"I don't have a lot of time for these kinds of opportunities now anyway," she tells me. "But I'm definitely going to pursue acting in the future. It's just a matter of how I'm going to go about it."

So what exactly is Bree Olson going to pursue now? For the moment, as adult DVD covers perennially tout, it's "another hot, steamy, sex-filled romp with lots of up-close, in-your-face action."

Which brings me back to the task at hand—a day in the life of a porn star. Seeing how Bree heads straight back to her hotel to rest after her audition at Sony/Columbia, making for a pretty short day, she invites me to drop by the set of her upcoming film.

So there I stand, on yet another afternoon, next to veteran director Andre Madness, two feet away from stark naked, luscious-looking Bree, watching her getting final touch-ups to her makeup, moments before the doll's approximately 200th hot, steamy, sex-filled romp is about to begin.

"Bree's one of my very favorite performers," says the soft-spoken director. "She always loses the fact that we're filming. She comes off as very genuine."

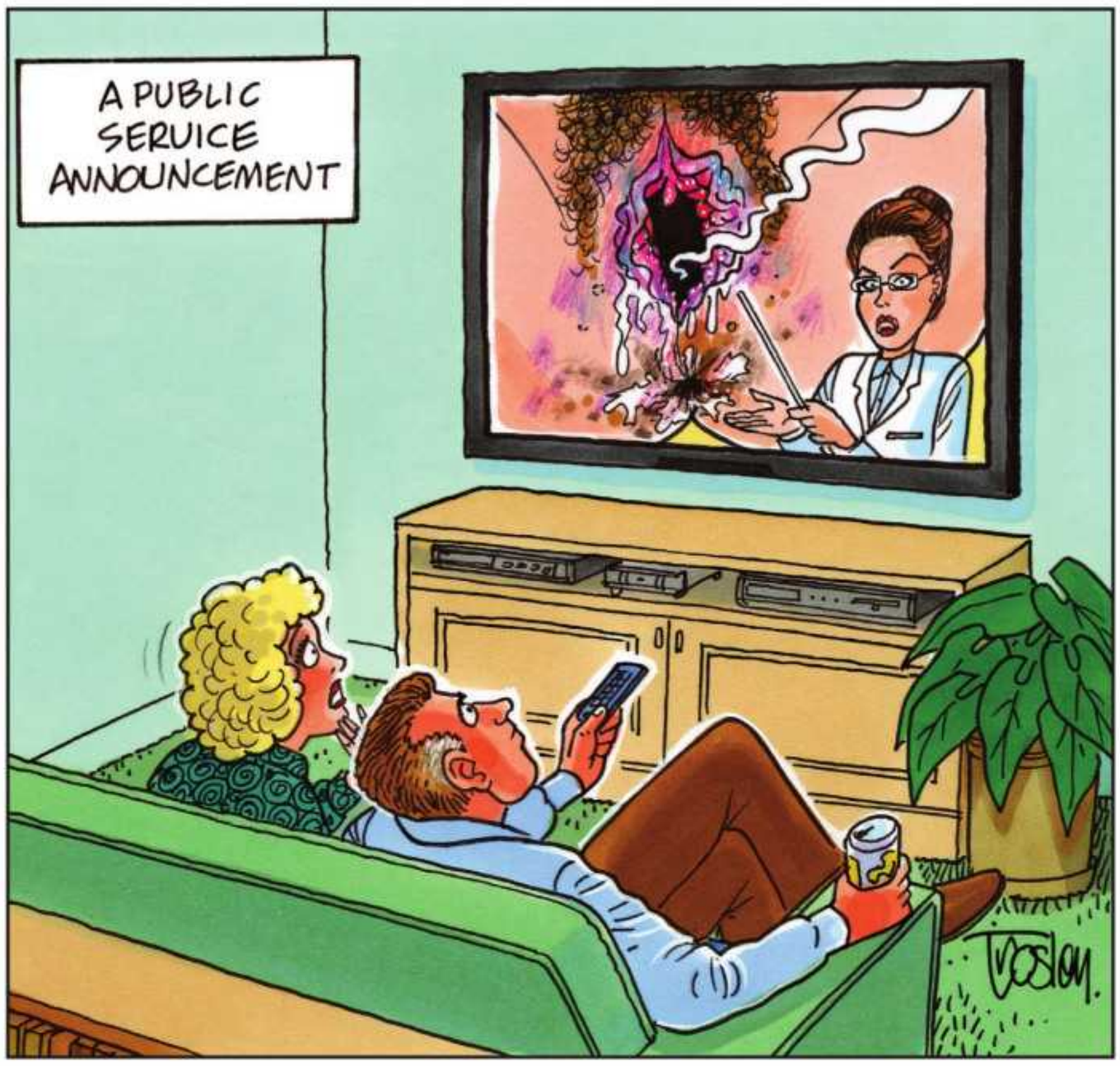
Like I said to Bree at the Sony/Columbia lot, coming off genuine isn't so easy. Hearing lines like "Are my titties jiggly enough for you?" and "Am I taking it like a good little whore?" a discerning porn viewer might suspect that the woman he's watching twisted on a couch like a Wetzel pretzel doing two guys simultaneously might be a little…insincere.

But you never get that sense from Bree Olson, which is why she quickly rose to the top of the heap. She works hard to give her work a true amateur sense, an authentic reality, which is the style she feels her fans most respond to. And Bree even confesses that in real life, when she's having sex with someone for fun, when something spontaneous and hot happens, she often thinks to herself, *I'll have to remember to do this on camera.* That's dedication.

Oh, and by the way: I picked Thursday.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.

"Oh, nothin' much, just gettin' some pussy."



"But this is what the female genitalia looks like after being pounded by a chemically induced erection for four hours!"

"Hold very still, Ricky. There's a huge spider on your balls!"

Dirty Blonde

DIGITAL DESIRE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

LEXI BELLE

Lexi Belle is a dirty girl: "I'm a vegetarian. The only meat I eat is fish. Well, that and cock. I love the taste of a nice hard cock. One of my proudest moments to date is the porn film in which I sucked off five guys in one scene. That was hot! I swallowed every drop. I love the taste of cum. It's so yummy."

Lexi Belle is hot as hell: "Sex to me is not something I *do*; it's something I *need* to do. If I don't get off first thing in the morning, then I'm going to have a bad day. I'm serious! You know how they talk about sex addicts? I really think I'm addicted to it. I just have to have sex."

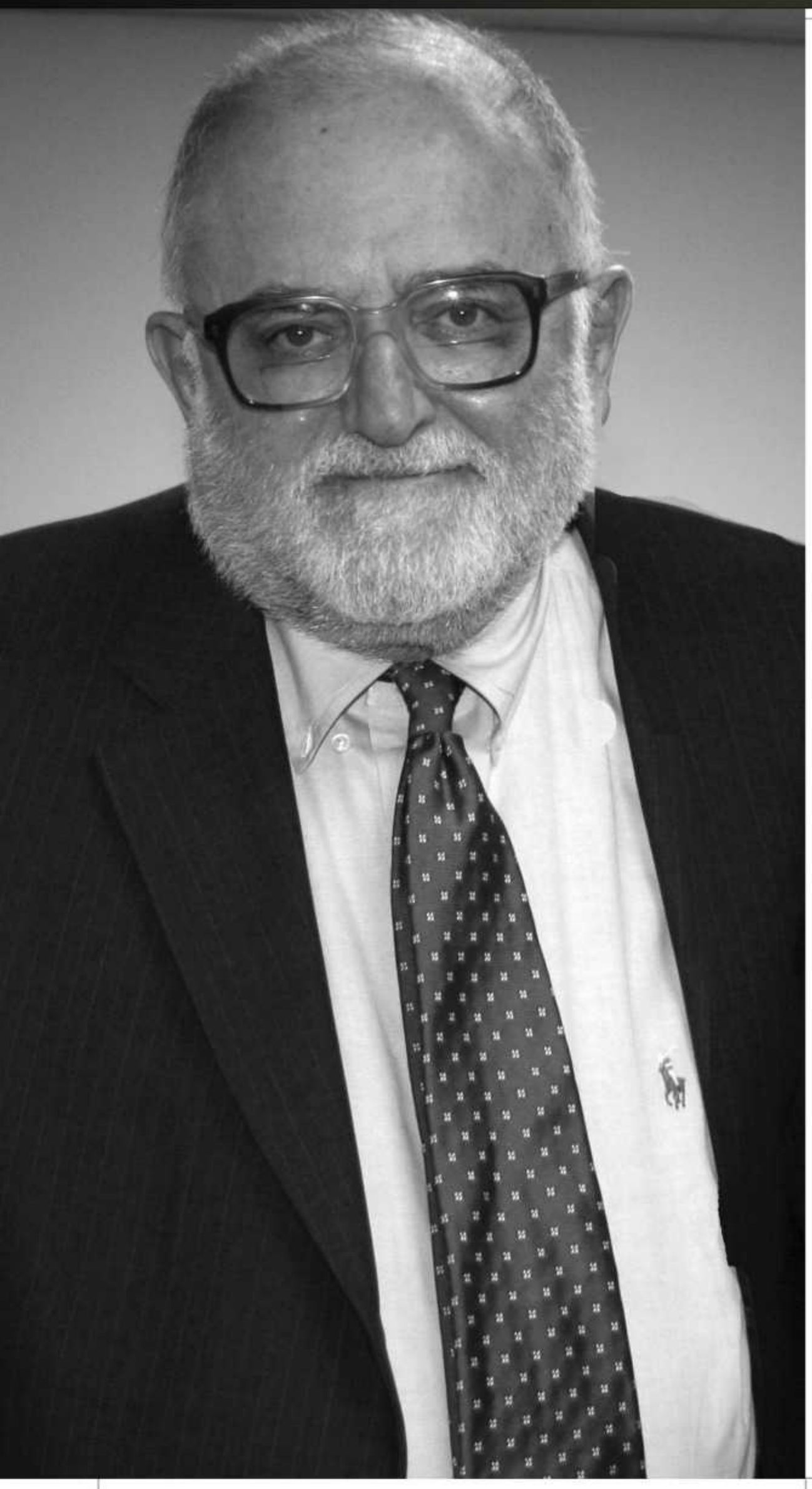
Lexi Belle aims to please: "There's nothing better than pleasing a lover. I'm up for whatever the guy (or girl) I'm with wants. He gets. She gets. All openings. All positions. I'm a giver. That's why I got into porn. This job really makes me feel like a kid in a candy store. Only the candy is pussy and cock."

Lexi Belle lives for today: "I'm so young that I don't think about the future. I'm not even sure what I'll be doing this weekend, let alone next year. I just enjoy every day to the fullest. Maybe someday I'll settle down and have kids. Who knows? For now I'm going to fuck, suck and party as much as possible. What could be better?"

LEXI BELLE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Independence, Louisiana | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 107

See Lexi Belle indulge herself in *Farmer's Filthy Li'l Daughter #2*, *Barely Legal Jungle Fever*, *Daddy! Please Stop Fucking My Sorority Sisters* and many more from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID & TED NEWSOM



LAW

MOUNTING THE CRIMINAL CASE AGAINST GEORGE W. BUSH AND HIS COHORTS.

Lawrence Velvel's take on the law proudly defends the will of the People over the rule of the State. Having worked with conservative jurist Robert Bork early in his career, Velvel gained notoriety by suing President Lyndon B. Johnson in federal court for violating the Constitution in the prosecution of the Vietnam War. Velvel established the Massachusetts School of Law at Andover in 1988 to provide "an affordable, quality legal education to the working class, midlife people, minorities and immigrants."

In 2008 Velvel invited a number of prominent legal experts to Andover to discuss the prosecution of George Bush, Dick Cheney and others in state, federal and international courts. Attendees included Vincent Bugliosi, author of *The Prosecution of George W. Bush for Murder*; British political author Philippe Sands; and law professors Chris Pyle of Mount Holyoke College and Amy Bartholomew of Canada's Carleton University. The group established a list of goals designed to punish those responsible for the crimes, but also to prevent others from repeating similar acts in the future.

HUSTLER: What inspired you to put the conference together?

LAWRENCE VELVEL: I lived through Vietnam and saw what it did to this country. Arthur Schlesinger wrote that to repeat the same mistake in Iraq is "national stupidity." One reason this nation repeats mistakes is that its officials are not accountable. They do not go to jail. They are not fined. Their own children rarely fight in these wars. So how are we to try to ensure that they are less trigger-happy except by bringing the

VRENCE VELVEL

force of law to bear upon them?

Gore Vidal calls this country "the United States of Amnesia." And, of course, the pardoning of Richard Nixon by Gerald Ford set a horrible precedent.

I'm pleased to hear you say that because, while the pardon was reviled at first, it came to be seen as a thing that helped to heal the nation. That was a terrible mistake. As you say, it set the precedent for future officials to know there is no accountability for what they do.

How are you dividing tasks on your list of goals?

Individuals on the committee are each taking responsibility for various points. For example, I am taking responsibility for writing papers that will seek disbarment and termination of individuals from faculties. To be truthful, it is questionable that people from the Bush Administration will easily receive appointments to universities.

This is no longer 2003 or '05. Back then they had no problems whatsoever—John Yoo returning to teach at his own university, Berkeley, or, in Jack Goldsmith's case, Harvard Law School. [Both were Justice Department officials.] We would seek termination by universities of the appointments of those people—government officials who wrote memoranda clearing the way for torture and abuse. In the question of disbarment, papers will go to the bar authorities to consider the question of lawyers who commit crimes, ethical violations or otherwise show themselves unsuitable to be attorneys.

How would you circumvent the issue of Presidential pardons?

One way is that the pardon power applies only to federal prosecutions. [The President] has no authority to pardon anybody in a way that gives immunity in Germany, France, Italy or Spain, or before international tribunals. The pardon power would likewise be ineffective against any state prosecutions for murder. I take it you know that people like Vincent Bugliosi are working hard to try to get such prosecutions.

Before the election we interviewed him for our Holiday '08 issue.

There is also a school of thought that says [the President] does not have authority to pardon himself for his own crimes even if he could pardon others. Some people go further. By extension they say, "Nor does he have the power to pardon those who were complicit with him in enabling him to commit the crimes."

One of your points is mandamus proceedings to force local prosecutors to act. Does this apply to Bugliosi's suggested plan to prosecute Bush, Cheney, Rice and others on state murder charges?

Mandamus is a writ, a judicial order, that an official must enact. The argument is that a judge might order a prosecutor to bring a prosecution. It could apply, in the unlikely event that you found a state judge willing to order a local prosecutor to bring a prosecution, even though they have previously declined to do so. Bugliosi seeks cooperative state attorneys general or state district attorneys. If one of them wishes to bring a prosecution, you don't need a mandamus to force them.

What ammunition do you have to bring this case to the public?

Our best argument lies in listing all the horrendous actions that have been continuously committed. You read one day in the *New York Times* that a fellow was picked up, hooded, had suppositories put in to sedate him, put on an airplane and sent to Egypt. Another day you read a different article in the *Washington Post* where somebody else had his arms strung up behind his back so that he was hanging from the ceiling.

These stories are always disconnected, which vastly lessens the impact. Even in Jane Mayer's book [*The Dark Side: The Inside Story of How the War on Terror Turned Into a War on American Ideals*], descriptions are in a bunch of different places. When Americans read descriptions of horrible act after horrible act, it will become overwhelming—the torture, the abuse, the physical acts that were done to people.

How are people going to see this material?

One way is that HUSTLER intends to publish it. If you ask me, "Will mainstream media carry it?" I don't know. Many of us hold the mainstream media largely responsible for the debacle that occurred by ignoring the truth. We plan to write litigating papers, complaints and briefs, which will set all of this down. Even if mainstream media does not carry it, I'm confident it will be all over the Internet.

You've singled out federal judge Jay Bibey for his cooperation in the John Yoo torture memo.

After January 20, [2009], Bibey will be the only one of these culprits who is still in federal office. With impeachment after someone has left office, the only consequence would be to disqualify him from holding federal office in the future. Henry Kissinger never held another federal position after he left office, and he is one of the four or five major culprits of the Vietnam War. Does George Bush want to come back into federal office again? I don't think so. But Bibey's a federal judge with a lifetime appointment; he cannot be removed except by impeachment. Therefore he's one against whom impeachment is a serious weapon.

People from all over the world attended the Andover conference. Was there any interest from other countries with regard to taking international legal action against these criminals?

We did not invite governmental officials from other countries, but as you probably know, author Philippe Sands believes if the U.S. chooses to do nothing to punish these individuals, other countries will feel a responsibility to act.

Even now there are countries to which Henry Kissinger cannot travel, since he'd be subject to arrest.

And also Donald Rumsfeld [Bush's first secretary of defense].

What can the average person do to advance this plan?

The most reasonable answer may surprise you. Ask them to write HUSTLER and say, "Prosecution should be brought upon these people." You folks have a huge readership.

You mean instead of writing their congressmen or senators?

Well, do you think writing to congressmen or senators ever has an effect?

Here's what we've been suggesting, and you can tell us why this is a bone-headed idea. Let's pick a date during the workweek where we as Americans agree that everyone should stay home. We spread the word through the e-mail tree that we're not going to buy anything, we're not going to produce anything, we're not going to work.

Do I think that's a bone-headed idea? No, I do not. In effect you are suggesting a one-day general strike. If it were put in the context—that to register their displeasure with the fact that the criminals are not being prosecuted, the American people should do nothing for one day—maybe you've got something that is doable.

You're both old enough to remember when another very evil guy, Spiro Agnew, was Vice President. One day, in order to promote overcoming of the views of protesters who wanted America to stop fighting in Vietnam, Agnew said, "Everybody should turn on their headlights as they drive."

You're suggesting something similar, in reverse. Not like Agnew's "light your headlights to support the war," but a peaceful way of powerfully registering one's views. Even if it is not the whole country that stays home that one day, suppose it's only 20 or 30 million people.

It would be enough.

That would not be chopped liver.

Do you think the conciliatory mood of the Obama Administration will undercut the resentment to Bush and company?

I don't know the answer. Ralph Nader paraphrased George Wallace: "It don't make a dime's worth of difference" whether you elect Obama or McCain; many hope that Obama does not prove Nader right. Many people were important to Obama winning the election, by votes or small contributions; they will be extraordinarily unhappy if it occurs that he forsakes ideas which many believed he stood for.

For example, if we are still fighting a war in Iraq two years from now, you're going to have a lot of unhappy people. If Obama was serious when he claimed we should be fighting a significant war in Afghanistan, I predict his Presidency is finished before it begins. That is a graveyard of empires: Alexander the Great, the British Empire and the Russian Empire all met disaster there.

What are members of your committee working on?

We are focusing on the things like termination at universities, disbarments, asking the federal government to bring grand jury proceedings and indictments, asking foreign countries to bring proceedings, working to see if we can find a state prosecutor who would prosecute.

The thing about law is a small number of people can have a large effect. Jane Mayer wrote her book by herself. Philippe Sands wrote his book [*The Torture Team*] by himself. Bugliosi wrote his book by himself. Yet look at the fantastic impact that these works are having.

During Joe Biden's first press conference as Vice Presidential nominee, he was asked if he would investigate and prosecute war crimes, and Biden's answer was yes. Were you heartened when you heard that?

Only temporarily because he immediately softened it for political purposes. He said, "We will go after this if there are crimes there, but we have no reason now to think there are crimes there." That did not enhance Joe Biden's reputation for truthfulness.

The entire Washington establishment knows of the infamous torture memos by Yoo and Bibey. The reason those memos were sought was that the CIA knew what they were doing was criminal, and the CIA people were terrified of that. Even though they had the Yoo memo, they returned [to the executive branch] three years later and said, "We need another memo because we've been doing things not singly or in isolation, but in combination, which we fear is illegal." So they're not only waterboarding somebody; they're also simultaneously depriving him of sleep for 20 days, incessantly questioning him, stringing him up by his arms.

Yoo's memo never spoke about combinations. The entire executive branch was pursuing torture. They were told time and again—by experienced FBI people, lawyers at Guantanamo and the State Department, the Judge Advocate General's offices of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force—that what they were doing was a criminal violation of the Geneva Conventions, the War Crimes Act and the antitorture statute.

What would you like to see out of all this?

If you want to talk ideals, we should have another set of Nuremberg trials. But that's not going to happen. The Nuremberg trials arose because the three major victors in the war in Europe, plus France, decided that there should be an international tribunal. It would be a shrewd move by the new administration because it would say, "We understand something dramatically wrong went on here. We don't want to be responsible ourselves for punishing other Americans who did it. We'll put it in the hands of an international tribunal."

Within the realm of reality, I think the best that could happen would be a Department of Justice grand jury investigation, then an American prosecution of the culprits. In addition, it might be extraordinarily valuable to disbar the lawyers involved, and if some universities terminated culprits who have become faculty members. That would be a first step to say, "Something is very wrong here," and set the stage for even bigger things to occur.

"Finally tonight, on a more heartwarming note,
Ann Coulter's jaw is still wired shut."

AMY EXPOSED FISHER

THE TEEN FEMME FATALE IS ALL GROWN UP— WITH HER OWN HARD-CORE WEB SITE.

AMY FISHER

Media sensation Amy Fisher literally shot to fame in the early '90s as the Long Island Lolita. (If you haven't heard the sordid details, Google her name.) Now eager to put the past behind her, Amy is starting a new life as one of the Internet's hottest new porn stars.

HUSTLER: Tell us about your new Web site, AmyFisher.com.

AMY FISHER: The camera follows me through the more risqué aspects of my life. There's a lot of solo activity and plenty of girl-on-girl. It's all XXX, and although there aren't any boy-girl scenes with me yet, we have a lot of HUSTLER content to keep everyone happy. It's hot, and it's fun. If people want to relax and enjoy themselves, it's the place to go.

Why did you decide to plunge into porn?

The sex tape [*Amy Fisher Caught on Tape*] was the catalyst. That tape was so well received. Both men and women were coming up to me on the street, making sexual comments—in a nice way—saying, "You were great, you got a great ass" and so on. And I was like, "Wow!" You know, I've had a lot of negativity in my life. But the adult industry has been very accepting, and people that watch adult material are very, very cool. People would ask me, "When are you doing another tape? When are we going to see more of you?" I wasn't sure if I wanted to do another tape. But I am kind of an exhibitionist, so now with the feature dancing and the Web site, I can show what I want to show, do what I want to do.

Do you like the idea of millions of men masturbating to you?

Oh, I love it! If people are seeking out my site to look at me, it means this is what they enjoy. If I can bring enjoyment to them, that brings enjoyment to me.

Do you resent being called the Long Island Lolita?

I don't like it, but I go with it. The media like to use those cutesy little phrases. I'm sure it infuriates other celebrities too. But you accept it, and you go on. As far as my new life, I don't know if it helps or hurts. I find it annoying, but it's not something you can ever get away from. When the media finds a new phrase for me, I guess Lolita will become passé.

What's your love life like these days?

I love my husband. He's been so good to me lately. And I love my girlfriends. My husband doesn't let me love any other men, but we're working on that. (*Laughs.*)

Do you have any regrets?

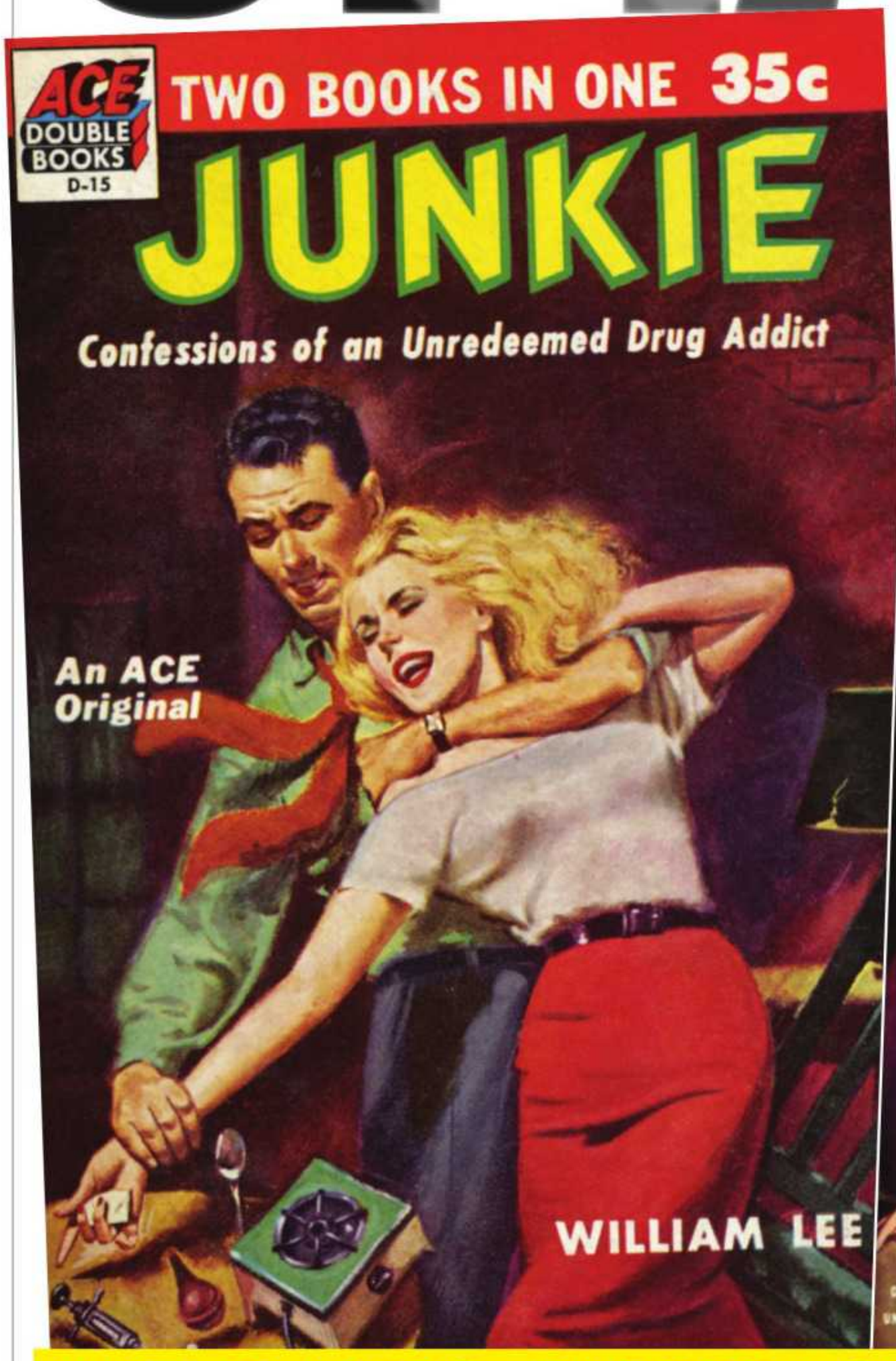
We all have regrets, believe me. Everything happens in life for a reason, so whatever you do as whatever your regrets are, and as long as you benefit in some way from it or learn, that's really all that we can do.

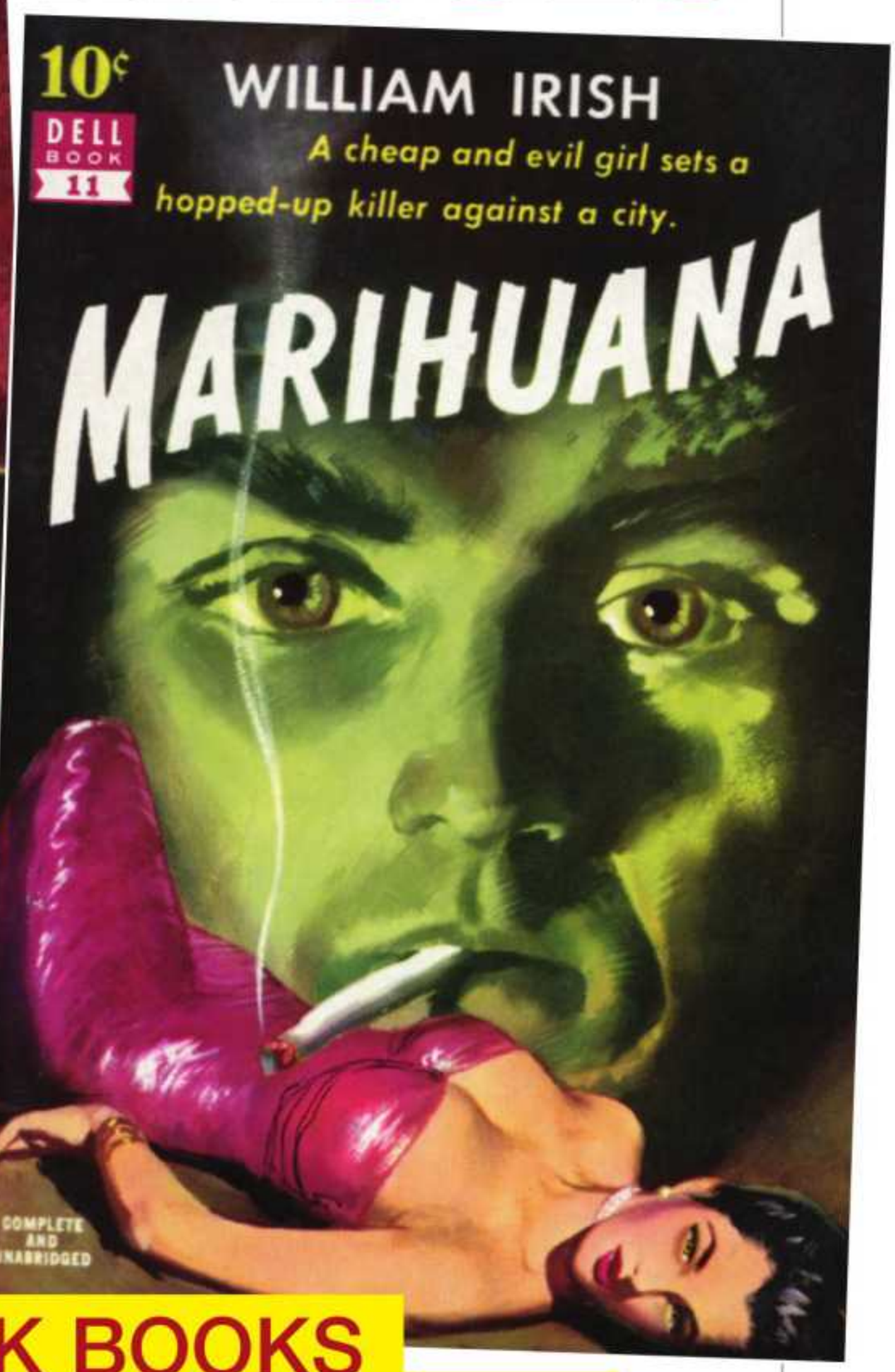
What is true love?

I love my kids. That's true love.

PHOTOS COURTESY AMYFISHER.COM

OPIATE FOR THE MASSES





IN THE 1950S, PAPERBACK BOOKS "INFORMED" READERS ABOUT A MULTITUDE OF SINS, NOTABLY DRUGS, SEX AND THE CORRUPTION OF AMERICA'S YOUTH.

Stephen J. Gertz's new book *Dope Menace* takes an illuminating time-travel trip to the 1950s, when paperbacks were still in their infancy. Also known as pocketbooks because of their compact size, they covered every theme imaginable: crime, combat heroics, mystery, romance, adventure and, as is chronicled in *Dope Menace*, drug usage.

This gloriously illustrated volume focuses on the writers and artists who shaped the public's perception of the drug underground with their exaggerated stories and lurid graphics. Make that *mis*perception, as post-World War II paperbacks portrayed all illicit drugs as enslaving and violence-inducing. Some even depicted marijuana smokers as prone to "mayhem and murder."

Gertz, a well-regarded authority on antiquarian books, suggests exactly what modern reformers have touted for years: Misrepresentations led to public distrust, thus proliferating experimentation and usage. Moreover, he writes, the 1960s' drug culture was brought about in part by the "over-the-top anti-drug propaganda of the '50s" that became an underlying premise of these very paperbacks. (If the establishment lied about pot being addictive, maybe it was lying about heroin and other substances.)

The 1950s paperback universe, Gertz observes, pictured an onslaught of teenage drug addicts. However, drug use by America's youth only began increasing drastically a decade later. Even so, it wasn't authenticity that prompted a righteous lawmaker to look into the influence these tacky books had on the public.

"In 1952," Gertz writes, "Congressman Ezekiel C. Gathings (D-Arkansas) convened a House Select Committee to investigate the proliferation of literature he considered a pox on contemporary American society, taking particular aim at paperback books which he believed were specifically marketed to adults of low ethical standards."

Occasionally a rose would bloom in the pile of pulp-fiction "manure." Gertz recalls: "In 1953 an unknown writer just shy of his 40th birthday had his first book published, … *Junkie*, written by William S. Burroughs under the pseudonym 'William Lee.' … *Junkie* was published by Ace Books, established in 1952 to surf the huge wave of paperbacks' popularity to the bank."

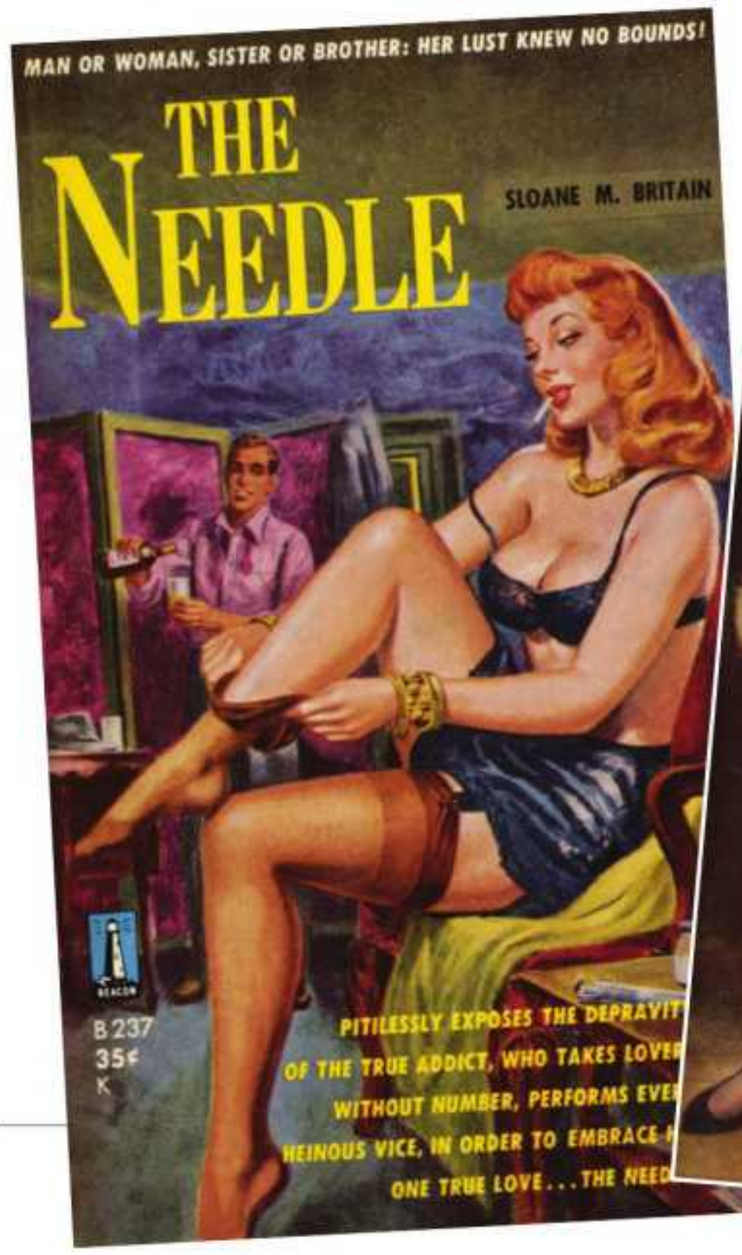
[All psychoactive drugs, from heroin to LSD, were presented as avenues to sex and hedonism.]

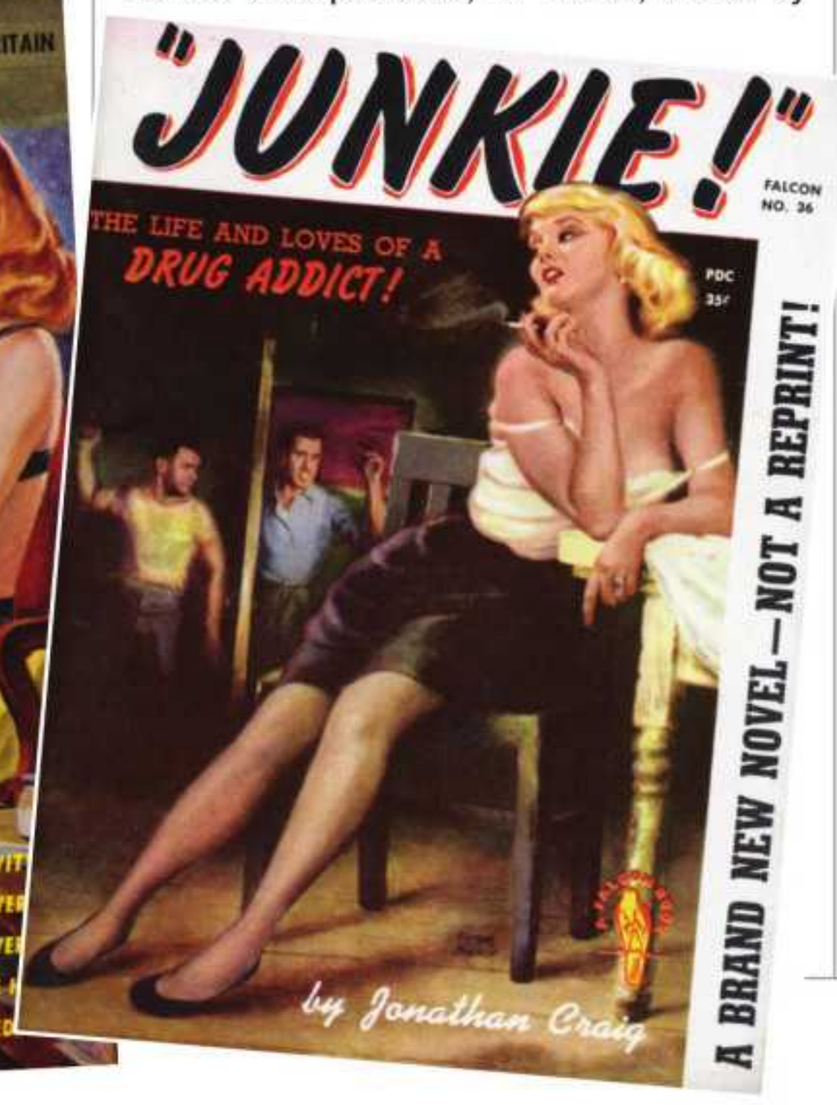
Other mainstream authors finding their works on drugstore racks included mystery writers Cornell Woolrich and Evan Hunter (a/k/a Ed McBain) and such oddities as metaphysician Aleister Crowley and beatnik poet Allen Ginsberg.

What makes *Dope Menace* such a total joy are page after page of wonderfully garish paperback covers. You'll marvel at the time and effort that Gertz must have spent obtaining them all. The hundreds of full-color illustrations reflect an almost-cartoonlike alternate reality. Even depictions of twentysomethings about to shoot a spoonful of heroin into their arms seem enticing.

Although the titles discussed in *Dope Menace* were purportedly published to discourage drug use, their covers seem to seduce more than dissuade. All psychoactive drugs, from heroin to LSD, were presented as avenues to sex and hedonism. That meant the books' covers were scary—and hot. No wonder people were intrigued!

To order *Dope Menace: The Sensational World of Drug Paperbacks 1900-1975* (list price $24.95) or for information on other books from its publisher, go to **FeralHouse.com**.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Tickled Pink

ROSE

Being in HUSTLER Magazine makes me feel even more beautiful," coos the Czech cutie known simply as **Rose**. "The fact that just looking at my face and body will make men excited gets me wet. I love pleasure, and this is very pleasing. Too many people seem to forget how important pleasure is. The world is a rough place, so you need to stop and enjoy."

With a stroke of good luck, this onetime coffee barista wound up in our hallowed publication. "I went out dancing with some girlfriends after dumping an asshole boyfriend," **Rose** recalls. "This older lady came up to me and said I was very pretty. She went on to mention that a good friend of hers was one of your photographers, then asked if I wanted to model nude for him. I figured, *Why not?* There wasn't anyone to stop me."

ROSE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-4

Being single rankles Rose. "It makes me sad," she reflects, "because I wish I had a man in my life. But until I find one who'll treat me nice and fuck me whenever I want it, I'll just spend a lot of time alone. After all, I always have my vibrator collection. The only problem is I get so horny, I go through a lot of batteries!"

While waiting for Mr. Right, Rose is also contemplating what to do right now. "I would love to become a full-time model," she professes, "but I'm kind of a realist. I realize that there are thousands of girls out there who would love to be naked in magazines and have sex in movies. If this is the only chance I get to show myself to the world, then I'll still be forever thankful."

Open Up My

Petals

XOXO,
Rose

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JUNE 2009

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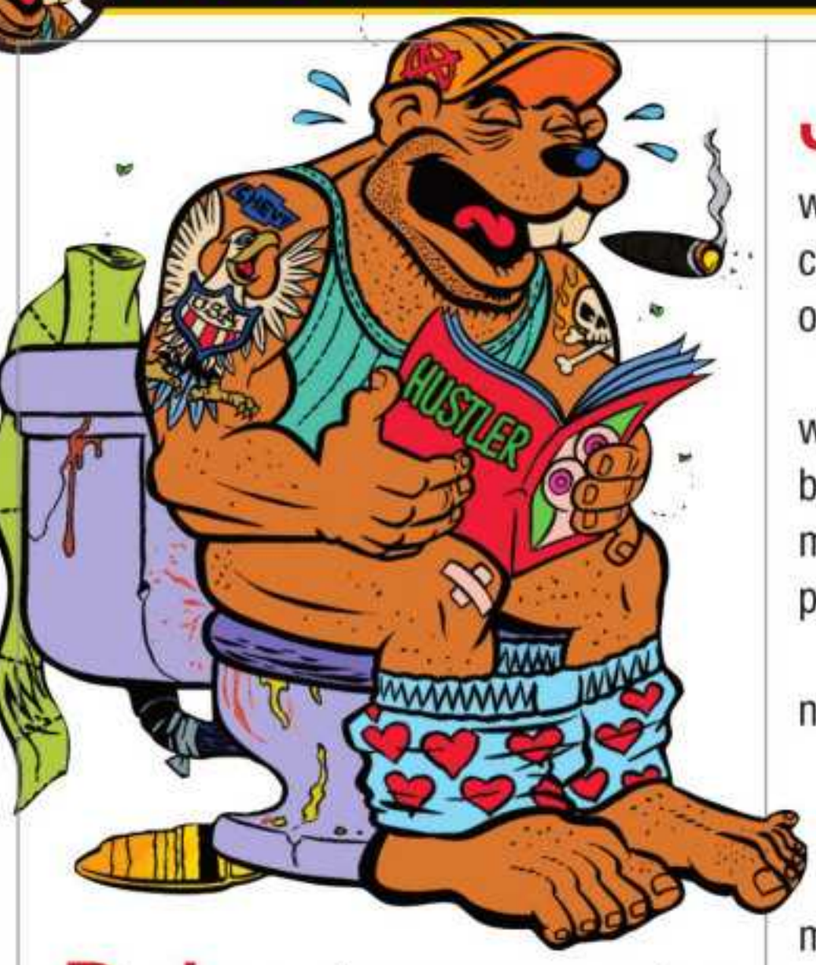


Dying for some new cock, a busty babe at a party noticed a handsome young man standing all alone. So she approached him and said, "Hi. My name is Carmen. It reflects the things I like most—cars and men. What's your name?"

Looking the incredible piece of ass up one side and down the other, the stud replied, "B.J. Titsengolf."

While playing with his friends, 11-year-old Billy stepped inside the house and asked his mother, "What's that thing called when two people sleep in the same room, and one is on top of the other?"

Thinking this was as good a time as any to finally broach the subject of sex, the boy's mother said, "It's called sexual intercourse, darling."

"Thanks," Billy replied before rushing back outside to play.

A few minutes later, Billy came back into the house and angrily howled, "Hey, Mom, it's called bunk beds, and Jimmy's mom is pissed and wants to talk to you!"

Question: How do you know if a girl is old enough to marry in Kentucky?

Answer: Stand her in a barrel. If her chin is above the rim, she's old enough. If it isn't, cut the barrel down a little.

On her 50th birthday, hillbilly Leroy's wife stood nude in front of a mirror to take inventory. "Shit!" she grumbled. "My hair is like wire, my tits are sagging, my ass is flat, and I'm covered in wrinkles!"

"Ain't nothang," Leroy assured her. "At least yo eyesight still am good."

Jasper had a hunch his wife was banging someone while he was at work. "If I ever catch you cheating," he warned, "I'll pull out every one of those black hairs from your pussy!"

Sure enough, while Jasper was at work the next day, his old lady invited the black paperboy into the bedroom. "Kiss my tits!" she begged, whereupon the paperboy answered, "For a nickel I will."

As the naked woman forked over a nickel, she exclaimed, "Lick my pussy!"

"For a nickel I will," the paperboy told her. Just then, the cheater heard John storm into the house, and she quickly made the paperboy hide in the closet.

Finding his wife nude in the middle of the day, Jasper knew she'd been unfaithful. He grabbed the nympho, spread her legs and began pulling out her pussy hairs one by one. The last pube proved to be quite stubborn, causing him to yell, "Come out of there, you little black son of a bitch!"

Immediately, Jasper heard an unseen voice respond, "For a nickel I will."

Men who don't want to get married, 1979: Why buy the cow when you can get the milk for free?

Women who don't want to get married, 2009: Why buy the entire pig just to get a little sausage?

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *vagina* as the box a penis comes in.

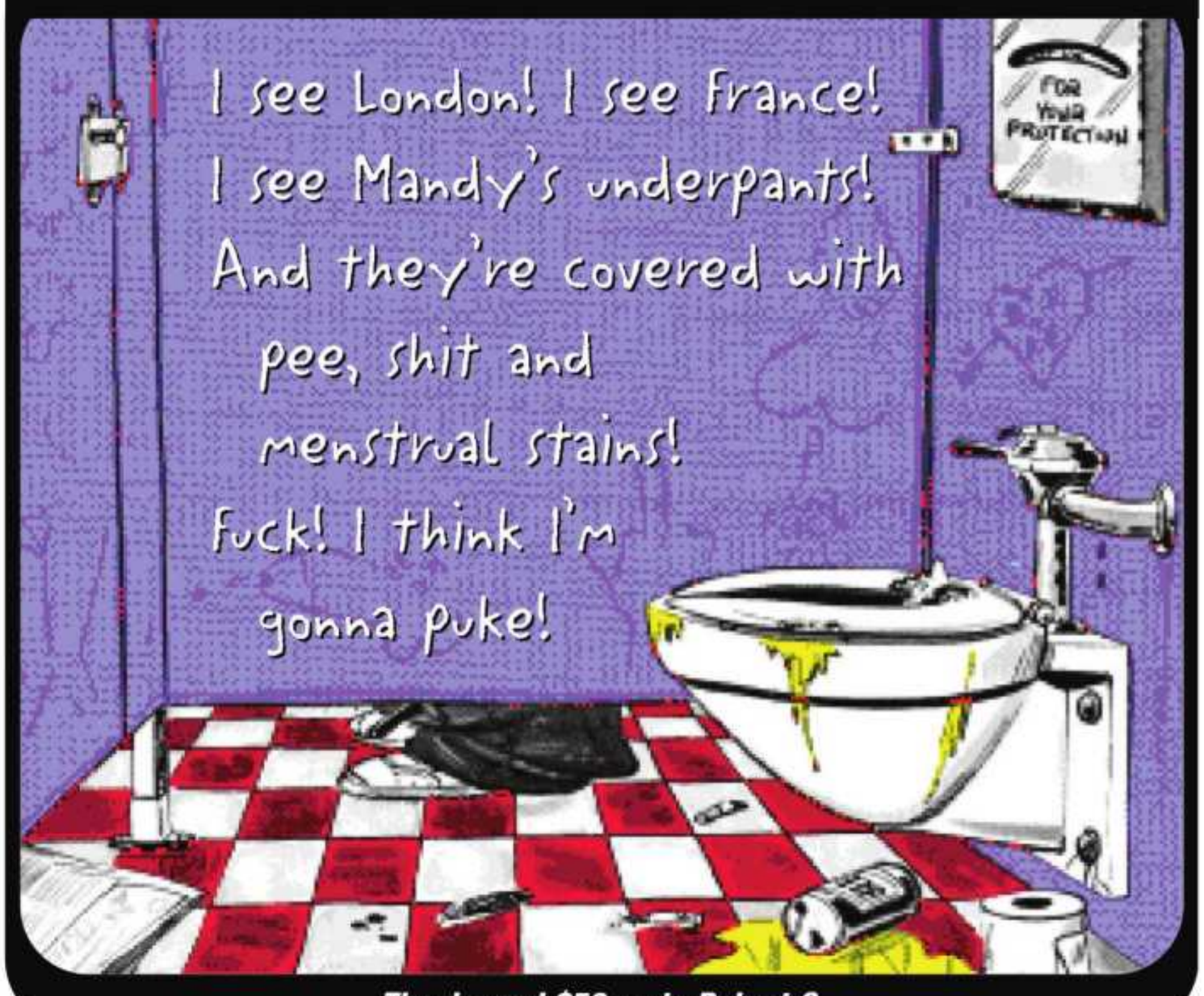
Fred and his nagging wife went out for dinner in town. When the waiter came by to take their orders, Fred told him, "Bring me the biggest steak you have and make it rare!"

The waiter, a vegetarian, said, "Fine, sir, but aren't you worried about Mad Cow?"

"Not at all!" Fred snapped. "Just bring her a salad!"

Five thousand American men were asked what they liked most about receiving oral sex: 3% said it was the intimacy; 4% enjoyed the sensation; 93% appreciated the silence.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Robert C.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

(continued from page 40) I was like: "Fuck it! I'm going on tour." When the producers approached me, I thought, *Fuck! That would be fun.* I could go check out college. See what it was like and make a fun TV show that freaked people out at the university.

The latest one I did with Ludacris [*Battleground Earth: Ludacris vs. Tommy Lee*] was an environmental show. I learned a lot, and we had a great time doing it. Hopefully it helped spread the message. Everything I do has a purpose. Something might come along, but more reality shows? Probably not.

With the books *The Dirt*, *Tommyland* and *The Heroin Diaries* a lot has been written about Crüe. Are there stories that still haven't been told?

Oh, of course! (*Laughs.*)

Any chance you can tell us one of them?

(*Laughs.*) You know the saying that there are three sides to every story? My side, your side and the truth. That's true with all the books. There are certain things that are better left unsaid. I don't think you want to risk hurting anybody. There are stories that you just take with you forever and leave them at that.

Will *The Dirt* ever be made into a film?

Fuck! It's taking forever, and I don't really know where we are at with that. I've seen a script. Then we were trying to find the right director. Certain people were available and then not available. I think it would be fucking awesome. Our story deserves some movie time.

Who would you like to play you?

If I could pick anyone to play me? It would be Johnny Depp. I love that guy. He picks and chooses the absolute best parts. I know he's a musician who plays guitar. I've met him a couple of times, and he loves music. He'd be awesome.

What is people's biggest misconception about you?

I guess that people think that I'm that party guy 24/7. That's not really true. I love lying in bed all day, watching movies, barbecuing and hanging with my kids. There is so much more to me. A lot of people think, *Oh, Tommy Lee. He's a fucking maniac.* Well, yes. But definitely not all the time.

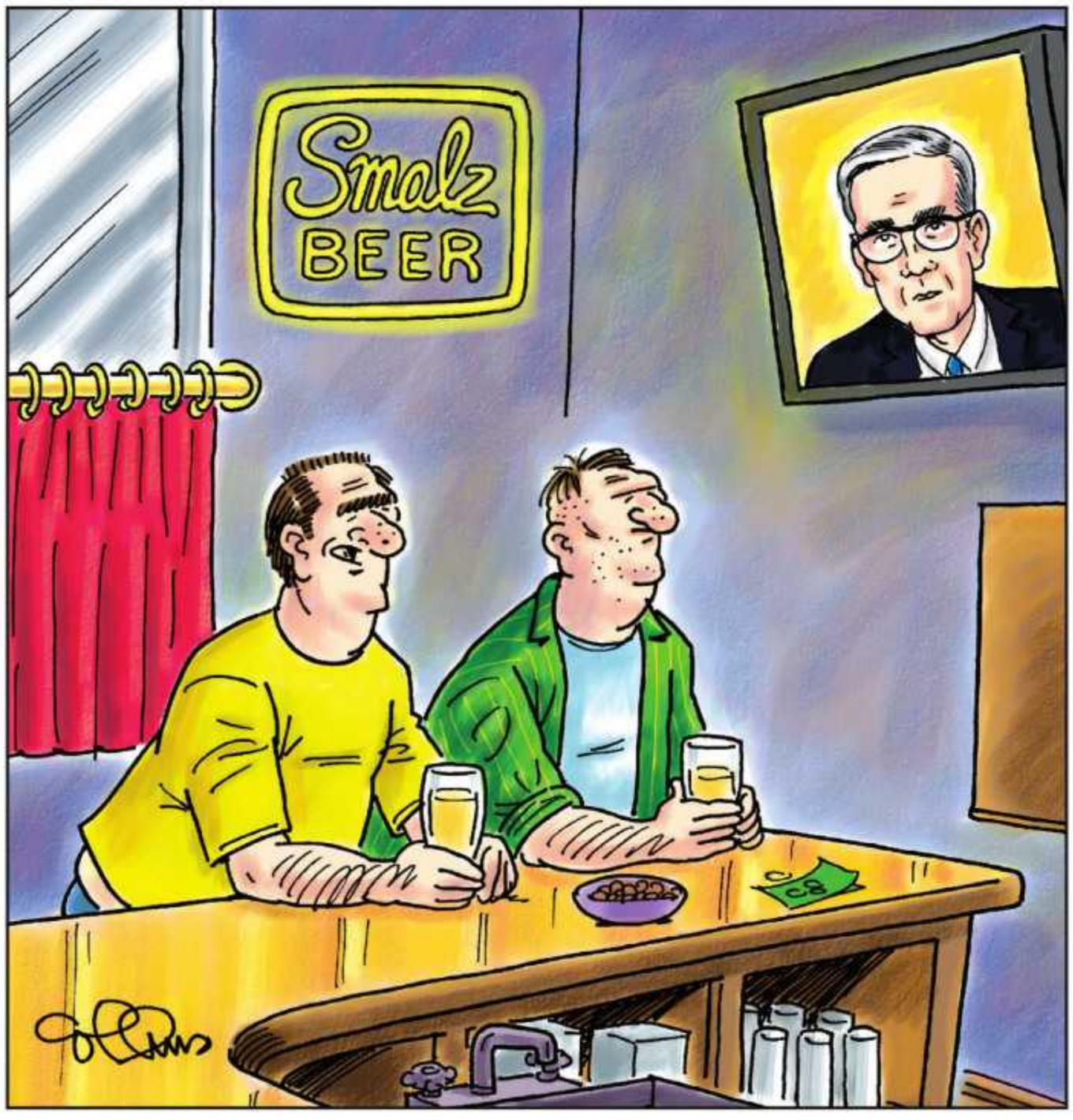
Will Mötley Crüe go on forever?

Nothing is forever. The Buddhists will tell you that. We'll go as long as we can. I look at Aerosmith, David Bowie and the Rolling Stones, and they're still fucking rocking shit. I feel fortunate that we're somewhat in that category. We're not as old as those guys, but it's cool we've touched that many people's lives that they still come and see us.

Do you have a motto or mantra?

I have a couple. You know when people say, "God! What else could go wrong?!" I say, "God! What else could go right?!" That's one of my favorites. And the other one: "We're not here for a long time. We're here for a good time." Put that on my tombstone.

"Nope, it's not a yeast infection. Guess again!"



"So, if it's *Countdown With Keith Olbermann*, then why isn't it *Cuntdown With Rachel Maddow?*"

COUGARS UNLEASHED #5:

Christy Cougar

THIS MONTH: Christy Cougar / AGE: 67 / LOCATION: Florida
SEE HER AT: ChristyCougar.com

This column is dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

At 67 years of age—yes, you read that correctly—some women would hesitate to bare all for the public, but Christy Cougar is no ordinary woman. The East Coast native and marketing entrepreneur happily stripped down for our cameras. She also recently began a foray into the world of adult entertainment with the launch of **ChristyCougar.com**, where she not only gets naked, but also gets down and dirty with a dildo or two. Some might say she's making a pretty late start as a Webmistress, but for a gal who began her career as a stripper at the age of 51, it's perfect timing.

"I started the site on a lark," Christy says. "But then it began getting all these hits, and I had some adult magazines taking an interest. Now I think it's something I want to stick with. Besides, it's a turn-on to have people looking at my naked body."

Christy admits she's always been comfortable with nudity and often forgets to close the drapes when changing her clothes, but she says her looks haven't always attracted the kind of attention they do nowadays. "I'm pretty lucky," Christy reckons. "I've got good genes. And my mother was a nurse, so she encouraged me to eat healthy years before it was fashionable. But as a teenager I was too tall and too thin. So I had to develop a good personality."

For excitement the eye-catching sexagenarian likes to attend NASCAR events (auto racing is very popular in her Florida hometown) and biker rallies. She also lifts weights, bikes, swims and loves to tan. Weekends you'll often find her on a friend's boat sunbathing in the nude.

A relationship with an older man that started when Christy was a teenager nurtured her sexuality and self-confidence. "Suddenly, I had this very good-looking, older man taking a huge interest in me," she recalls. "We're best friends to this day. He taught me a lot about sex. Since then I've been naturally good at it, but when you get to be my age, you acquire some serious skills."

Serious skills and hot looks to boot!

PHOTOS BY IMAGES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIOS

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

FEATURING THE WORLD'S HOTTEST OLDER WOMEN!

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Duff: Re-Loaded

PHOTOS BY ERIC ALTHOFF

Bassist Duff McKagan could easily sit back and rest on his past accomplishments. After all, his thunderous rhythm licks have helped propel Guns N' Roses and Velvet Revolver into rock history. Instead, he chooses to continue making progressive and aggressive music with a range of cool bands, including the recently revived Loaded. We caught up with the lanky bassman at his L.A. ranch home to discuss the return of Loaded, the possibility of a GNR resurrection and fart tennis.

HUSTLER: How did Loaded start?

DUFF McKAGAN: (*Perusing a copy of HUSTLER.*) Wow! You have my mind all off the thing. I'm looking at this chick. She has her fingers up her ass. It's great! Good for her. (*Laughs.*)

Loaded is kind of like a collective. It was something I had started back in 1998. Music, if you remember, was pretty fucked up in 1998. There was a lot of Limp Biskit and Creed. Nothing that spoke to me.

I was back living in Seattle and playing with Mark Lanegan [Screaming Trees], doing some gigs. We were looking around and thinking: *Shit, maybe we're the last guys who remember that rock 'n' roll is supposed to be dirty and fun and fucked up.* I saw [drummer] Jeff Redding playing, and he was killer. I talked to him after the gig, and I asked if he wanted to get together and jam. After about a year of casual recording, Jeff and I thought: *Wow! We've got a record.* The first thing we got was a licensing deal for Japan. Suddenly we played these massive places in Japan. Then we got a European deal and started going over to play.

So what stalled the band?

Slash, Matt Sorum and I got together at the same time. We hadn't played together in earnest since Guns because we would have gotten a lot of flak: "Oh, what are those guys fucking up to?" From 1994 to 2002 we remained great friends but didn't play. Then we were asked to do this benefit for a friend of ours who had died: Ozzy's drummer Randy Castillo.

We did the show and it was fucking killer. The next day Slash, Matt and I had coffee and decided that what we had done was too fucking good and that we should fucking play together, hell or high water. One thing led to another. Slash, Matt and I got Scott Weiland in the band, Velvet Revolver was born, and we got the massive RCA deal and were off to the races.

What motivated you to reactivate Loaded?

It wasn't like Loaded broke up or that it didn't work so let's not do this anymore. The guys in Loaded understood Slash and I have a history, and Velvet Revolver blew up. I would still go back and play charity events in Seattle every Christmas. Around Christmas 2007 things were going really south with Scott and Velvet Revolver. Loaded had started to collect a bunch of new songs. We decided let's do another record once the Velvet Revolver tour ended in April [2008]. There isn't a lot of business around Loaded, so there's not that fucking drama. There's no big management company or fucking record company calling you. It's all about music, cock-and-balls jokes and seeing what's new on Red Tube [the YouTube of porn]. (*Laughs.*)

Does life on the road differ with each band?

Velvet Revolver is high-budget; Loaded is low-budget. Loaded just did a tour of the U.K. We lived on the bus. No hotels. We played every fucking night. There were no nights off. When you live on a bus—there are nine of us with crew and tour manager—it smells. You don't eat until after you play, and that's around midnight. What kind of food can you get then?

In England there's great Indian food, so there's a lot of flatulence going down. Of course, you can't shit on the bus. That's rule number one. Mix in the Indian food, and it was just a fucking stinky stew. One of our guitar techs, Evil Dave, is from Sheffield, England, and he tells us he and his wife name their farts. He lets out one *prfff* and says, "Teapot. Sounds like a teapot. Doesn't it?" Then some are more throaty, like "Street Post."

We get to London, and my wife is there with her cousin Heidi, who has had bad luck with loser boyfriends. She's got this new guy, a businessman from Wales named Mike. My wife asks me to give Mike the once-over. We're sitting around after the sold-out gig in England. I want to see if Mike is one of the fellows. I say to him, "Hey, we do this game on the bus where we rip 'em and name the farts." I want to see if he would flinch. Mike says, "Oh, really, that's nice. Do you guys ever play fart tennis?" The room goes silent, like *whoa! What has he got?* He rips one and says, "Service." We're all struggling to get a fart out, and Mike says, "I won. Fifteen, love. That's it." He became our fart sensei. That's life on the road with Loaded in a nutshell.

Is it more important that the personalities match this time out?

I would say. (*Laughs.*) I love Scott, and when he first came into the band, he said one very important thing to me: "I want to be clean." We told him we couldn't do this thing if he was using. I'm sober. Dave [Kushner] and Matt are sober, and Slash is getting sober. I said, "It won't work unless you are too." He looked at me and said, "I want to get sober, but I don't know how. You got sober through martial arts. Help me." That was all he had to say.

I took him up in the mountains of Washington State. I have a guy who's like fucking Bruce Lee. Miles and miles up a mountain he has a camp that's like something out of a movie. My friend the grand master lives there off the grid, and I took Scott up there to train. Scott and I went through this, and Scott got clean. We got him off the shit. There is a part of him that I became friends with up on that mountain. He's a really good guy and funny. I know that guy is there somewhere. It just got lost again.

Did addiction overpower the person?

It did. We tried to pull Scott back, but we couldn't. When he's into that other side, it's not cool. It's not friendly. You try to help, but then after a while you realize you can't. I think we won't get into that situation again. I can guarantee you we won't. The person has to be somebody you can jive with, someone who is real. Velvet Revolver is still really fucking real. I've seen what's out there, and we're as real as a motherfucker.

What do you have to say about Marc Canter's book *Reckless Road*, which chronicles Guns N' Roses' rise to fame?

Marc was the guy. He was Slash's friend, and he would loan us money at the beginning to print up flyers and stuff. He was the only guy who believed in us. The first time we played was in front of three people at Madame Wong's East. He said, "You guys are going to be huge!" He would take pictures and keep the set list, collect cigarette butts. It was crazy. Little did we know that he was documenting everything that happened at the shows. He never was a drinker and has this great memory.

What do you remember most vividly from the early days?

The moment the five of us were in the [rehearsal] room and struck the first three chords. We had all played in a bunch of bands; we were young but seasoned. Those first three chords—whoa! It sounded like a fucking truck that wouldn't ever stop. It was our own truck. We thought we sounded like the first time you put on Motörhead's "Ace of Spades."

We stayed true to that. Through playing all our gigs, writing songs and really working hard on being a good band, we put the blinders on. Critics said, "You guys are too punk rock and too much this." We just did our thing. Probably the best time was when we started selling out clubs. It wasn't when we got a record deal or when the single and album went number one a year after it came out. By then we had already passed our best time. Marc was there to capture all of that.

Does seeing it make you nostalgic?

Well, it wasn't like I hadn't seen these pictures throughout the years. Everybody was once 21 and probably had some fucking great times then. Everybody has that one year which was fucking killer, where everything worked out for you. Suddenly chicks thought you were good-looking or maybe you banged more than one chick.

My year happened to be documented, and I was in a band that got big. People ask, "Don't you miss those times?" Yeah, but I also miss the time when I was 17 and got a new guitar for my birthday. But that's never coming back.

Would you ever consider a Guns N' Roses reunion?

I would love that. It sure would be great if Axl and I could rekindle our friendship. When I had pancreatitis and ended up in the hospital, the only guy who called me was Axl. That's the type of guy he is; he wasn't calling because he was worried about the band. He called because he was my friend and cared. It's a shame. That band got so big that there were so many other people in the mix driving wedges between all of us. I know I didn't realize it was happening.

By the time I left and got sober, I was a little lost and tired. I was always the guy people looked at to fix problems in the band. I was tired of getting all the phone calls from the manager and president of Geffen Records saying, "Fix it Duff; you can fix it."

When was the last time you and Axl spoke?

Ten years ago. It's kind of too bad, but I have confidence that one day we'll be friends again. And if that's all that happened? That's great. That stuff is far more important for me nowadays. Would it be great for Guns to do some gigs? Probably be killer. But it's not something I sit around everyday thinking, *Great! When that happens, I'll make this much money.* It would be great because we'd be playing those songs again.

***Appetite for Destruction* came out in 1987, but it doesn't sound dated today. How did you make such a timeless album?**

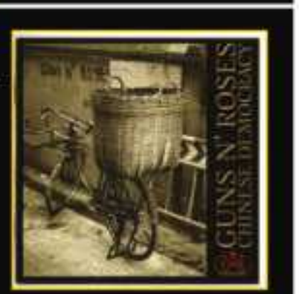
Appetite for Destruction was a really pure record. We weren't trying to write to have a hit song. *Appetite* wasn't about hits. We were trying to make the perfect song for us. We used classic instruments like Gibson Les Pauls and the Fender bass. We didn't use the new digital technology that was out then.

The snare sound on that record was a little wet for the time. We had to do something to make the record sound like other records that we liked. We wettened the snare, and that "boom bat boom bat!" sounds great on "Paradise City." And the way we fucking wrote and played those songs, we weren't trying to make a commercial record. We were making a record for ourselves.

And Axl's voice, the way he sang? The dude meant it. The shit was for real. I think that sentiment has never been lost, and somehow that spoke to a whole generation of motherfuckers that we had no idea were there. I guess it still strikes a chord. ■

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED



GUNS N' ROSES
Chinese Democracy

Let's get the negative shit out of the way first. Yes, it took a decade-and-a-half to come out; and, yes, it took five guitarists to replace just one Slash; and, yes, Axl Rose is probably nuts. But *Chinese Democracy* is good—really good! Plus, former Replacements member Tommy Stinson plays bass on every track. Highlights include "There Was a Time" and "Prostitute."

LILY ALLEN
It's Not Me, It's You

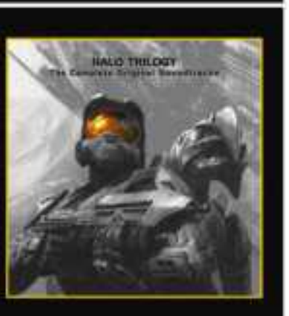
A couple of years ago Lily Allen was MySpace Music's "it girl" of the moment, but eventually Katy Perry snatched the sassy Brit's tiara. Moving in a "new direction," Allen has returned with a sophomore CD featuring a bevy of happy, hip-hop-flavored pop tracks. Welcome back, Lily.

THE BPA
I Think We're Gonna Need a Bigger Boat

Former Housemartin Norman Cook has never been afraid of transformation. First he became the ultra dance maven Fatboy Slim; now he's chairman of the BPA a/k/a the Brighton Port Authority. His new CD is packed with guest vocal spots from David Byrne and Iggy Pop.

KISS
Icons

Oh, Gene, when will you have enough money? The latest repackaging of the KISS catalog is this set of four discs, each devoted to a band member's persona (Space Ace, the Demon et al.) and his key tracks. Do you really need another KISS best-of album? Of course you do! You're a KISS fan!



HALO TRILOGY
The Complete Original Soundtracks

Halo is arguably the most popular video game franchise in history. This great new set (four CDs and a DVD) rounds up all the trippy, futuristic music from the epic game's three installments.

JEFF BECK
Performing This Week...

Although he may not get the praise piled on Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck is a true guitar god. This live recording captures him ripping through his impressive catalog of tunes at a legendary English pub.

(continued on page 103)

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

In the 1980s British pop geniuses Squeeze unleashed a ton of memorable tunes onto the MTV generation, including "Annie Get Your Gun," "Hourglass," "Black Coffee in Bed" and their signature song "Tempted." After a seven-year split the core of the band—Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford—are reunited and back on the road. We caught up with the clever tunesmiths for this exclusive Q&A.

HUSTLER: Take us back to the big breakup.

GLENN TILBROOK: We made our last album in 1998, and I toured through 1999 without Chris. He let me know the day we were leaving on that tour that he wasn't coming. Under the circumstances the tour was booked, I had to go. After that I didn't want to continue without Chris.

Why did you two go separate ways?

TILBROOK: We have always been quite different people, and at that point we couldn't have been more different.

What brought you back together?

CHRIS DIFFORD: We were doing promotion in the U.K. for reissues of our catalog CDs that came out over there. We just started talking, and it became evident we should try it out again and see what it was like.

How would you describe the first time you got together after almost ten years?

TILBROOK: It was weird. The first time we got together as a band was for a photo-shoot. We hadn't played. A year before, we got together for a book about the history of the band. We hadn't spoken in five years before that. Through that book there was a lot of communication.

Back in the day, you were dubbed the "Lennon & McCartney of the 1980s." What did you think of that comparison?

DIFFORD: When I first saw it, we were in a radio station in Texas, and it was handwritten on one of our albums. It kind of made sense then because we were trying to get our records played on radio [stations] that were playing REO Speedwagon and "Baker Street" by Gerry Rafferty. So it was quite good for DJs to have a point of reference even though the only similarity was that we both loved the Beatles, and we were two people writing songs.

So which of you is Lennon and which is McCartney?

DIFFORD: Paul McCartney asked me that question once, and I said I was George. (*Laughs.*)

Do you have any favorite tunes from your huge catalog?

TILBROOK: I normally say "Some Fantastic Place." I think it's the song that means the most to me.

What songs are you playing on this tour?

TILBROOK: What we've done is gone back to where we started and are playing a lot of very short, punchy songs from the first five albums. I don't spend very much time looking back, but that's really what this tour is. It's amazing the energy we get from the audience on those early songs.

How did you get John Bentley, who played bass on your early records, back in the band?

TILBROOK: We called him and expressed that we would love to play the early stuff with him. He was very gracious, without any rancor or bitterness, which is amazing.

Did it bother you that Squeeze's signature number "Tempted" was sung by keyboardist Paul Carrack and not by either of you?

TILBROOK: It was such a signature song for Paul. He sang it in a way I don't think Chris or I could have. Paul did a great thing to that song for us, and I'm very grateful.

What is your fondest '80s memory?

DIFFORD: It's easy to say playing Madison Square Garden in New York was great, because it was. Everybody wants to play there. It's a high point in a career, not just for a musician but for boxers as well. We also did some pretty amazing shows opening for David Bowie.

Do you have any stories about groupies or obsessive fans?

TILBROOK: No, we were just obsessed with each other. (*Laughs.*)

DIFFORD: But we've got copies of HUSTLER under our beds! (*Laughs.*)

Any chance you guys will record a new Squeeze studio CD?

TILBROOK: Yeah, that's what we want to do. We wanted to get the band together to see if it would still be fun. We're just trying to figure out the right way to approach it.

What is the best part about reviving Squeeze?

DIFFORD: It's rediscovering the excitement of what it's like to be in a band. Appreciating all the things that you didn't the first time around.

TILBROOK: For me it's sort of like coming back from the dead without having to die. The reaction we're getting from the crowds is fantastic. ■

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

PUNISHER: WAR ZONE
(Soundtrack)

If you make a kickass movie packed with gunplay and bloodshed, you're gonna need a backdrop of loud, hard-pounding music. Boasting new tracks from Slayer, Slipknot, Rob Zombie, Seether, Rise Against, Hatebreed and Static-X, *Punisher: War Zone*'s soundtrack is the bomb.

WENDY & LISA
White Flags of Winter Chimneys

The former Prince and the Revolution bandmates have been busy since leaving the Purple One's fold. They have scored dozens of TV shows and films—notably *Crossing Jordan* and *Heroes*—and delivered several funky, diverse pop albums. Available exclusively at **WendyandLisa.com**, *White Flags of Winter Chimneys* (the duo's first since 1998) is a cinematic masterpiece.

LeATHERMOUTH
XO

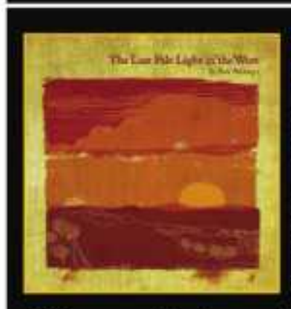
My Chemical Romance side project alert! MCR guitarist Frank Iero's angry-assed rock 'n' roll permeates LeATHERMOUTH's impressive debut CD. Losing the emo, Iero really kicks out the jams.

PEARL JAM
Ten: Super Deluxe Edition

The debut disc from the godfathers of grunge set the standard for early-'90s rock. Packed with a ton of bonus materials including photos, concert ticket, backstage passes and more, this box set is nothing short of a monster. Awesome! Truly awesome!

NEW FOUND GLORY
Not Without a Fight

Fans of hook-packed pop-punk music probably already own a couple of New Found Glory discs. Their latest (and first for indie label Epitaph) is, as expected, punchy and fun.



BEN NICHOLS
The Last Pale Light in the West

Part Tennessee cowboy, part folk rocker, Lucero's gravelly voiced frontman steps out on his own with this gripping disc. Channeling Johnny Cash and Springsteen, Nichols proves why he remains the best recording artist you've never heard of.

—Eric Althoff

DVD DISTRACTIONS

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

THE 4400
The Complete Series

Underrated and underappreciated, the sci-fi series about 4,400 Earthlings who mysteriously disappear and then resurface decades later gets boxed up. The set offers every episode, plus a bonus DVD packed with brand-new special features.

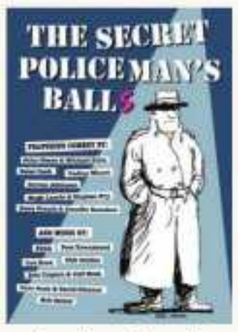
TORI AMOS
Live at Montreux 1991/1992

Tori Amos has always done it for us—the way the fiery-haired temptress emotes angry sexuality through her pouty red lips as she plays the piano with her legs wide open. This DVD captures two live shows from the early 1990s that showcase Tori doing what she does best. Highlights include her hit "Silent All These Years" and a cover of Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit."

AQUA TEEN HUNGER FORCE 6

Master Shake, Meat Wad and Frylock are back for a sixth volume of hilarity from the Cartoon Network's weird, warped and wacky, long-running Adult Swim series. How can you not love a show about mystery-solving fast food?

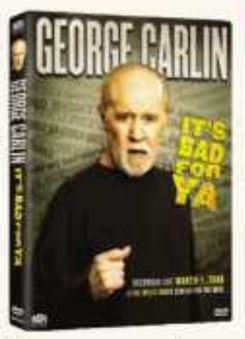
THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S BALLS



This DVD box set has collected all of the classic British benefit shows. Why should you care? Because they feature a who's who of comic luminaries, notably Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, Pythons John Cleese and Michael Palin, as well as Rowan Atkinson (a/k/a Mr. Bean), Dawn French and Jennifer Saunders (*Ab Fab*) and *House* star Hugh Laurie. On the musical side are Sting, Eric Clapton, Pete Townshend, Lou Reed, Phil Collins, David Gilmour and Kate Bush.

SECRET DIARY OF A CALL GIRL
Season One

The first season of Showtime's sexy, witty and provocative hit series is now on DVD. Enter the world of Belle, a high-end London escort, as she juggles her clients' ribald fantasies and her own real-life dramas. Plus, the show offers more than a few convincing bumps and grinds from lead actress Billie Piper (*Doctor Who*).

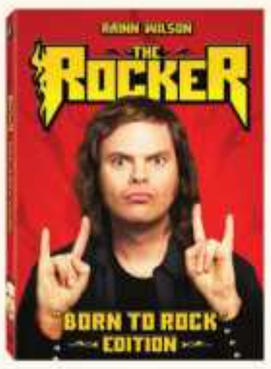


GEORGE CARLIN
It's Bad for Ya

One of the late comic innovator's last stage performances is captured here in all its unabashed hilarity. Never one to pull punches, Carlin rips on the state of the world in front of a sold-out crowd. It only takes about ten minutes of viewing this DVD to realize exactly how huge a void Carlin's death has left in the world of comedy.

THE FRENCH CONNECTION
Blu-ray

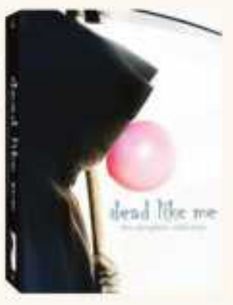
The Blu-ray edition of this classic cop caper is packed with a ton of bonus material, including a making-of featurette, behind-the-scenes footage and a brand-new interview with star Gene Hackman.



THE ROCKER

Rain Wilson, star of *The Office*, is one funny motherfucker. In this surprisingly good film he plays Fish, a sad-sack drummer kicked out of an '80s hair metal band just before they became superstars. Now living in his sister's attic, Fish gets a chance for redemption by pounding the skins for his nephew's group. Part *Spinal Tap*, part *Old School*, all funny. *The Rocker*…rocks!

DEAD LIKE ME
The Complete Collection



The entire short-lived series (sadly, it ran for only two seasons) has been reincarnated on DVD. Starring Mandy Patinkin, Jasmine Guy and the ugly/sexy Ellen Muth as soul-collecting reapers, this underrated cable classic is well worth another look. Need more grim reapers? Check out the new *Dead Like Me* movie *Life After Death*.

MOVIE Mammaries

MADONNA: LIKE A SLUT

Material Girl, Boy Toy, Kabbalah-worshiping whackjob. Whatever you call her, there is no denying that **Madonna** is idolized around the world. Over the course of three decades the provocative songbird has sold more than 200 million records and packed concert arenas across the globe while forging an uneven yet noteworthy film career. Let's take a look at her impressive body of work.

Most people believe that Madonna made her big-screen debut in the hit *Desperately Seeking Susan* (1985), but her cinematic deflowering actually came in *A Certain Sacrifice* (1985). Shot in 1979, when the Michigan native was still an aspiring singer and actress, this low-budget indie flick was released—thanks to MTV—after she became a household name. Although finding a copy may be difficult—Madonna has purportedly blocked its distribution—you would do well to search this one out. The then-21-year-old appears topless several times, notably during a gang-bang-esque dance scene and when her nubile body gets covered with chocolate pudding. Yummy.

After a few fully clothed flops, including *Shanghai Surprise* (1986), Madonna really stepped up to the plate with the most narcissistic documentary in the history of cinema: *Truth or Dare* (1991). This primarily black-and-white affair shows a personal side of the public persona as Madonna's feelings, emotions and her natural boobs are laid bare for all to see. We dare you to watch the whole thing. Better yet, skip to the ego-fest's better parts—those capturing Madonna prancing around naked.

Rent These NOW!

A CERTAIN SACRIFICE

SWEPT AWAY

DANGEROUS GAME

BODY OF EVIDENCE

In 1992, apparently feeling the need for more fanfare, Madonna released a quasi-smut tome titled *Sex*. Touted as an "art book," this controversial chronicle was packed with hundreds of shots of Miss M posing suggestively with such famous friends as Naomi Campbell, Isabella Rossellini, Vanilla Ice and Big Daddy Kane.

Moviegoers got another eyeful thanks to *Body of Evidence* (1993), a *Basic Instinct*-style, sex-charged psychological thriller. Paired with creepy **Willem Dafoe**, Madonna gets down and dirty for some topless masturbation, bush-bearing simulated sex (including anal) and the most creative use of hot candle wax ever seen in a movie. She soon returned to the screen in *Dangerous Game* (1993), a watered-down attempt at re-creating *Body of Evidence*'s fervor and excitement. Sadly, this film is only worth a brief peek when Madonna obliges her jaded fans with a facedown, ass-up office screw.

Madonna's fleshtastic finale, *Swept Away* (2002), is praiseworthy for several reasons, none of which have anything to do with her acting prowess. The flick is festooned with bare skin, from the leading lady's well-aged, toned, ripped mammaries to her surprisingly tight ass. It's hard to believe that Madonna, in her 40s when cast for *Swept Away*, had already squeezed out two kids.

We're firmly convinced that Madonna isn't done with exposing herself for the public and hope that her recent divorce from deadbeat director **Guy Ritchie** is a step in the right direction. It's time for the onetime Boy Toy to get back to her naked roots. Or not!

LISA BONET: COSBY KID GROWN UP

ANGEL HEART

In the 1980s **Lisa Bonet** starred in two of the decade's greatest sitcoms: *The Cosby Show* and its college-days spin-off *A Different World*. The mocha-skinned goddess with the perfect pout fueled everybody's girl-next-door sex fantasy.

Sadly, that wishful thinking was crushed when Bonet married smelly, dreadlocked rocker **Lenny Kravitz**. All we have to really enjoy now are her tantalizing turns in four films.

Breaking away from her squeaky-clean image, Lisa went all out in the edgy voodoo drama *Angel Heart* (1987). This odd movie showcases a whole lot of Bonet's perky breasts, unshaved armpits and simulated sex, including a memorable moment when she may or may not have fucked a chicken.

Bank Robber (1993) may be the best of the best in Bonet's risqué résumé due to its over-the-top sexual hijinks and the hottie's pointy nipples. Man, those things could cut glass! Rent this one ASAP. Another must-see is 1994's *Dead Connection* (a/k/a *Final Combination* in the United Kingdom). Whatever you call the film, Bonet's boobs are once again unrestrained and ready for action. Need a little more of her terrific tits? Check out the straight-to-video classic *New Eden* (1994).

Now that *Angel Heart* costar **Mickey Rourke** has resurrected his career (and won a Golden Globe) with *The Wrestler*, we think it's time for Lisa Bonet to wrestle with the idea of making a triumphant Hollywood return. Come back, sweetheart, and leave your clothes behind. We want to see *your* globes!

Remember, HUSTLER delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and the boob tube. If there's an actress you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***.

AMY WINEHOUSE: BEACH FRONT

Singer Amy Winehouse is our favorite kind of woman: a beautiful, talented, fucked-up mess. Because the crazy Brit is so known for turning heads and grabbing tabloid headlines with her outrageous, drug-fueled behavior, you might have forgotten what a virtuoso she is. Remember her big hit "Rehab"? Yep, the smoky-voiced broad sure can belt out a tune.

But let's not focus on the babe's musical mastery. Let's enjoy these recently shot photos of Miss Winehouse, taken during a tranquil getaway on the Caribbean island St. Lucia.

Seems the songbird needed a holiday after putting the finishing touches on her highly anticipated *Better Be a Hit or Else* follow-up album. (That was a joke; don't call us.) Actually, Amy decided she needed a break from the restraints of a bikini top. We can't think of a better way for her to enjoy frolicking in the sun and the surf than with her boobs out for our lucky lensman (and the world) to see. Hey, Amy, listen, if your latest CD winds up being a flop, you may want to consider a career in alternative porn. You certainly have the body for it.

Got any pictures of out-of-control divas with their tits popping out? We may buy them from you to share with the world. Contact us immediately at *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

Fucking on the Beach

Sung to the tune of "Dancing in the Streets":

Calling out around the world
Are you ready to beat your meat?
Summer's here and the time is right
For fucking on the beach
Fucking in Chicago
Going down in New Orleans
Getting laid in New York City

All we need is to do it, just do it
We'll be screwing everywhere
We'll be swinging, screwing
All that's true and
Fucking on the beach, oh

It doesn't matter what she wears,
just as long as you're in there
So come on, every guy, grab this girl,
everywhere, around the world
They'll be fucking, fucking on the beach

It's her invitation across the nation
A chance for your cock to meet
She'll be gagging, moaning while you're boning

Fucking on the beach
Fucking on the beach

All we need is to do it, just do it
We'll be screwing everywhere
We'll be swinging, screwing
All that's true and
Fucking on the beach, oh

Fucking on the beach
Fucking on the beach

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

NIKA NOIR & JERRY

See **Nika Noir** get around in *Barely Legal #83*, *Real College Girls #18*, *Young Sluts Inc. #21* and more from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Web site The Luxury Portal, whose owner filed a libel suit against one of NYU's computer tech experts.

Libel Suit Scandal

New York University IT expert charged with cyber-mischief.

A Texas woman filed suit against an NYU network security analyst, accusing him of posting libelous material about her and her fashion resale Web site. The lawsuit and subsequent publicity have reflected badly on the school, particularly its Information Technology Service. Moreover, campus computer mavens are concerned that such a suit is potentially damaging to the freedom of expression the Internet provides. As for the accused, ITS employee Christopher Penido insists he has not broken any laws—at least as they stand now.

Jean Walton Leser, owner of The Luxury Portal, claims that Penido attempted to destroy her business by making false allegations "while using her name, photo and e-mail address on the Internet, including a pornographic Web site, in order to cast the plaintiff and her business in a negative and false light," according to court documents.

Leser also charged that Penido worked for a competitor, KarenKooper.com. In answer, Penido denied having a financial stake in that Web site but did admit to occasionally offering his services. "I am not interested in her [Leser's] business, I am not in competition with her, and I derive no income whatsoever from my work for KarenKooper.com," Penido specified in an affidavit filed after Leser took legal action. In July 2008 New York State Supreme Court Judge Barbara R. Kapnick dismissed all of the plaintiff's complaints except for the one addressing libel.

"You have to realize how ironic this is to us, that his job is defending the NYU community's Internet safety."

Although not saying whether NYU was informed of the accusations against Penido, NYU spokesman John Beckman acknowledged, "This lawsuit is a personal legal matter, and the university is not a party to the suit and has received no subpoena related to the suit."

As both sides build their respective cases through depositions and other means, Leser's attorney believes she's already found sufficient evidence. "The IP address led right to [Penido's] house and another led back to NYU," Victoria M. Brown announced. "You have to realize how ironic this is to us, that his job is defending the NYU community's Internet safety."

Penido's lawyer, Richard A. Altman, has steadfastly maintained his client's innocence. "There has been no actual evidence presented," he pointed out in an e-mail, "and there has been no discovery at all, let alone a trial, and no determination of any facts. Mr. Penido affirms that he has committed no wrong, and thus he does not need to pay money to get out of this case."

But according to Leser's complaint, bearing her name was a posting on a pornographic Web site that said, "What I wouldn't do to be that girl? Give me some of that?"

She also cited, "I though[t] you wouldn't understand LOL eh eh slut whore it's more put, I'm naughty. I like sex and proud of it…was tired that's why. I posted in the middle of the night. I wanted to say that I'm a biggest salope, do you speak English? … Hi all, I'm American and I'm the biggest salope here ok? ('Salope' is French for 'whore.')"

Another post appeared on a Web site peddling counterfeit handbags: "I love fake bags despite what goes on in the Purse Forum."

And this one, seemingly in the plaintiff's voice: "My name is Jean…I seem to have extreme mood swings and am unable to cope with them…. I feel like I am starting to hear 'voices' in my head about people in the forum. I sometimes fantasize about them and then go into wild fits about why I would think such things. I have no idea what to do. Please help me someone, this is my cry for help. God Bless America Jean." This was posted on About.com, using Leser's trade/user name AMAMXR.

In his affidavit, Penido said he had "left a few sarcastic comments about [Leser] in various places" and acknowledged that he had also found her address and photo on the Internet. "Whatever I said was fully within my rights under the First Amendment, as I understand it," wrote Penido, who is still employed by NYU's Technology Information Service.

Attorney Victoria Brown is unfazed that her client's suit has little legal precedent. "This kind of complaint is new," Brown admitted. However, she added, "There was no doubt over the implacability of libel."

Leser agrees. "There's gotta be some type of guidelines," she said. "If I was having to find gainful employment, I understand now that employers Google your name. They would find all kinds of nasty things."

Marc Beja majors in journalism and music education at New York University. This report contains material originally published in NYU's *Washington Square News*.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 145 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Diamond: Lakeland Community College

"I'm not as shy and innocent as people around here think," declares Diamond, 21, a sophomore at Ohio's Lakeland Community College. "Look what happens when a photographer asks if you'd like a chance to be in HUSTLER! My boyfriend knows I've wanted to model for magazines like *Maxim*, but he doesn't know about the nude part."

Diamond won't keep us in the dark about anything, starting with her extracurricular endeavors. "I love shopping for shoes and sexy clothes, hip-hop music, *Desperate Housewives*, watching porn and writing poems about how I feel," the 5-foot-2 psychology major rattles off. "I'm also into football and basketball. I'm a big Cleveland Browns and Cavaliers fan. LeBron James is the man!"

Turning to our favorite subject, "Sexual Behavior 101," Diamond is the bomb! "I'm bi, kinky and up for almost anything," she confides. "Foreplay, doggy-style and handcuffs always work for me."

So does slumber interruptus. "I sleep naked," the dainty darling explains, "so I can be woken by my guy going straight into it."

As a nude-modeling neophyte and bedmate, Diamond sparkles.

PHOTOS BY DK PHOTOGRAPHY

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Things get **Sticky Sweet** for Shawna Lenee, Madison Scott, Cassandra Calogera (inset) and Asa Akira.*

Sticky Sweet

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: SHAWNA LENEE, MADISON SCOTT, KELLY SUMMER, DIAMOND KITTY, ASA AKIRA, CASSANDRA CALOGERA, SCOTT NAILS, JOHNY CUBA & MICK BLUE.

A lot of you guys love bulbous, augmented boobs. Maybe you weren't breast-fed enough as babies or maybe you just hate nature and see women as fuck-bots. Whatever screwed you up so badly, Digital Playground doesn't care. It will supply your addiction until you smother in silicone. And, as this little showcase attests, the studio cares about high-end surgery. Take the sultry Cassandra Calogera, whose boobs were big to start with. The bombshell gets some terrific bounce out of her teardrop torpedoes even if she's apparently so hooked on the "sticky sweet," she swallows it all instead of drooling some onto her cleavage. Read the script next time, honey. The remaining racks are firmer, but just as shapely, and the girls treat them like their most beloved props. *Sticky Sweet* also delivers the requisite slurping, face-splattering finales and Robby D's trademark tight camerawork, along with a great lesbo opener featuring drop-dead cuties Madison Scott and Shawna Lenee. The bleach-blond tag team obviously learned to fuck and suck while on the cheerleading squad: They treat sex like a competition. Swallowing isn't everything; it's the only thing! Sweet. ***—M.J.***

Come on, get happy! ***Family*** member Tori Black redefines pop star.

Youngest ***Partridge*** *Faye Reagan meets the music industry.*

XXX *groupies Shawna Lenee, Jaclyn Case and Madison Scott give Keith a song idea.*

Family *business: Payton Leigh and Kristina Rose try out new material.*

This Ain't the Partridge Family XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: TORI BLACK, FAYE REAGAN, MADISON SCOTT, JACLYN CASE, PAYTON LEIGH, SARAH JESSIE, SHAWNA LENEE, KRISTINA ROSE, NICK MANNING, DANE CROSS, ERIC SWISS, SINCLAIR, KRIS SLATER & SCOTT LYONS.

HUSTLER continues its filthy assault on your cherished TV memories with this pornification of that '70s show about a bickering soft-rock group. Of course, most of us only watched it to whack off to Susan Dey. Those are some tough hippie threads to fill, but Tori Black does a fine job as Laurie. After all, she doesn't have to do much more than put on a pair of white boots, say the lines, fall naked on a couch and moan her brains out. Tori's the standout, but the plot device—Danny orders an "elixir" that turns squeaky-clean sitcom characters into sex-crazed smut stars—ensures that everyone gets dutifully laid. Mom fucks her daughter's ex-boyfriend in the backyard; fat Danny and scraggly Keith pound on groupies (one of them being the lovely Shawna Lenee); Faye Reagan as Tracy sucks off the pizza boy; and, yes, the band sings a song (the less said about that, the better). You'll want to pick this up before Danny Bonaduce buys up all the copies. ***—M.J.***

Wet Juicy Asses #4

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ALEXANDER DeVOE. STARRING: KATIE CUMMINGS, LEONA DULCE, ANGEL CUMMINGS, LEENUH RAE, LUSCIOUS LOPEZ, PRINCE YASHUA, MR. MARCUS, JON JON & RICO STRONG.

This is "The Latina Edition" of director DeVoe's drenching series, so if you've spent your life fantasizing about dripping-wet, cum-loving Catholic girls, you're in luck. There are more squirt bottles than booties in this flick, but the asses getting slicked up are fine indeed. Cute Katie Cummings warms things up by the pool, and just when you're wondering whether the title was a way to bamboozle anal fans, Leona Dulce shows up and takes a black dick deep in her ass. She's not the most athletic girl, but her natural titties and pear-shaped posterior are perfect for the part. Leona's the hot Latina-next-door you're afraid to talk to because her *cholo* brother might bust out of the house and blow off your kneecaps with a black-market handgun. (Not that butt-fucking Leona wouldn't be worth it.) That's followed by some *caliente* cock-poppers with barely legal Angel Cummings and regal Luscious Lopez, who caps things off with some dude's junk buried deep in her JLo trunk. Every scene gets the wide-angle treatment as glorious butts fill the screen. *Wet Juicy Asses #4* takes no risks, just gives you gluteus addicts what you came for. Bring your own squirt bottle! **—M.J.**

Mika Tan and Ava Rose **Surrender.**

*All about the **O**: Bree Olson learns to submit.*

Surrender of O

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ERNEST GREENE. STARRING: BREE OLSON, KAYDEN KROSS, AVA ROSE, MIKA TAN, NINA HARTLEY, NICOLE SHERIDAN, TRINITY POST, BOBBI STARR, CLAIRE ADAMS, EVAN STONE, ERIK EVERHARD, TOMMY GUNN, MARCO BANDERAS & JERRY.

This is a sequel to *Story of O*, and in case you're not familiar with Pauline Réage's smut classic, it's about a gal who learns to be an S&M submissive. Porn-flavor-of-the-moment Bree Olson (profiled in our "Day in the Life" feature on page 64) plays the titular O and submits to everything from whips and strap-ons to a fuck machine. The newbie is skittish about the whole "Yes, master" business, but with some gentle brainwashing by her "fairy godmother in black leather" (Nina Hartley) she learns to find "freedom in slavery." Bree is always watchable, but Asian cutie Mika Tan upstages her briefly in a scorching anal scene. *Surrender of O* is talky (as was its source material) and not as fetishy or sadistic as maybe the Marquis de Sade would have liked, but mainstream whackers like you won't mind. Hang in there for a decent DP scene and a too-short visit with bondage maven Claire Adams, a lady who knows her way around a knot.

—M.J.

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BIG WET BLACK BREASTS #2

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

*Friday gets a lube job in HUSTLER's **Busty Beauties All Greased Up.***

Osa Lovely gets the **Spinal Tap** treatment.

***ST6**'s Jordin Skye hits the breakroom.*

Spinal Tap #6

DEF/JUICY ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: JOHN E. DEPTH. STARRING: JORDIN SKYE, OSA LOVELY, JASMINE CASHMERE, BLU DIAMOND, PERSUAJON & JOHN E. DEPTH.

Hung-like-a-mule John E. Depth bangs another bunch of hot, squealing sistas in the latest installment of his hit all-black series. This one is "The Office Freak Edition," so if you ever wanted to know what that black chick in the power suit who works at the front desk is like when you strip off her skirt, here's your chance—and chances are she's a screamer. Judging on looks and sheer fuckmania, we'll give our office freak of the month award to breakroom betty Jordin Skye, who heats up faster and steamier than a coffee machine. That said, every 9-to-5er on this disc is more than qualified for the necessary multitasking. But beware, jacking off to the likes of Osa Lovely and Blu Diamond won't help you forget that chocolate chick at the front desk. It'll just make you hornier, so you'll talk to her and get busted for sexual harassment. Ain't work a bitch? ***—M.J.***

*Bailey Brooks, Holly Wellin and Lisa Marie were **Bound** to get punished.*

__Bound__ babe Audrey Hollander looks for new taboos to smash.

Bound #3

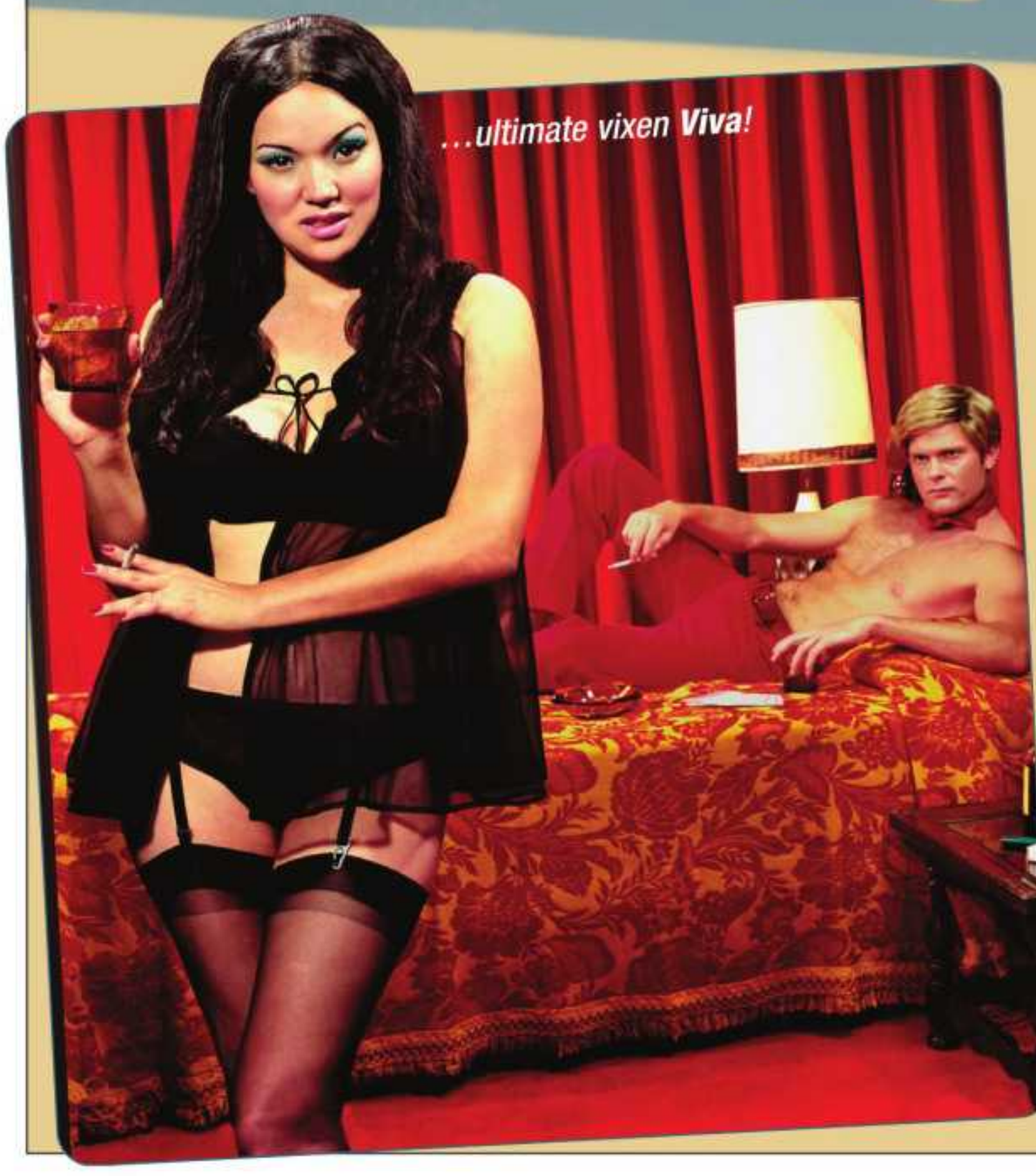
POWERSVILLE/JM PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: JIM POWERS. STARRING: BAILEY BROOKS, AUDREY HOLLANDER, HOLLY WELLIN, LISA MARIE, OTTO BAUER, STEVEN FRENCH & DAVE HARDMAN.

Bound #1 was a breakthrough hit for Powers, who says he set out to differentiate himself from other BDSM directors. In other words, screw the rules, tie up the girls and get straight to the ass-fucking. The series opener broke into the top slot on rental charts and turned into a VOD bonanza. This second sequel is just as much of a butt-busting, jackoff fest as its predecessors. Roped to a TV, Holly Wellin is forced to watch other chicks hog-tied and tormented. She eventually gets to show off her own sphincter skills, but the movie's most saliva-drenched booty-ripper is Audrey Hollander. That surprises no one, she being the ass whore of the century. Meanwhile, our favorite discovery is Bailey Brooks. Bound, probed and generally abused by the always creepy Otto Bauer, she takes the prize for gorgeousness in the midst of hardship. Full of crazy, flickering imagery and punked-out ropework, *Bound #3* is quintessential Powers mayhem with a cast of sexual athletes who don't appear to have any boundaries. It even comes with a bonus flick about the adventures of a pervo clown. Mr. Filth strikes again! ***—M.J.***

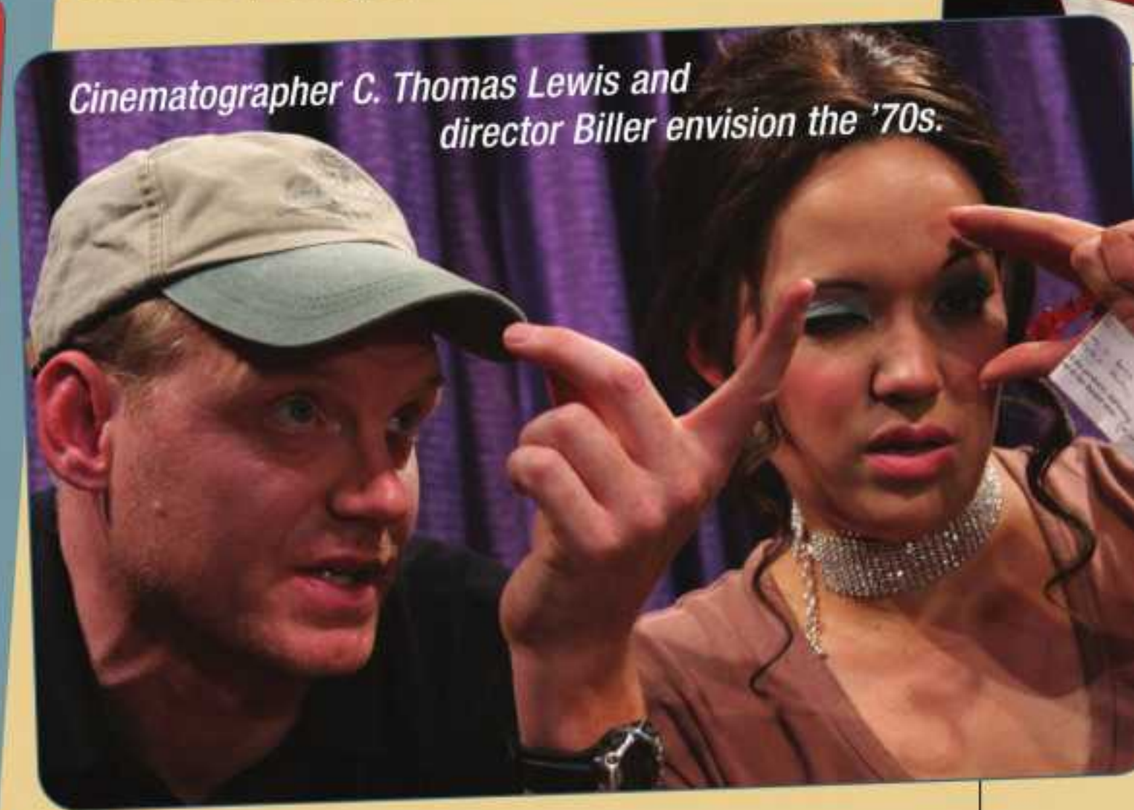
Viva LA SEXPLOITATION!

FILM AUTEUR ANNA BILLER UNREELS A MINOR MASTERPIECE OF VINTAGE BAD TASTE, RIOTOUS IMAGERY AND SEXUAL SUBVERSION.

Bored housewife Barbi (Anna Biller) transforms into...


...ultimate vixen **Viva**!

The storyline is quintessential B-grade: Uptight suburban housewife Barbi flees a failed marriage, gets sucked into the sexual revolution by her happy-hooker friend and falls prey to a seedy world of horny predators, drugged-out nudists and kinky swingers.


Cinematographer C. Thomas Lewis and director Biller envision the '70s.

Anna Biller, the brains and voluptuous body behind Cult Epics' hilarious new DVD release *Viva*, has mastered the art of cinematic stimulation. Her setting is 1972, two years before HUSTLER Magazine emerged to challenge *Playboy*'s dominance among "men's sophisticates." Biller nails the tacky look and awkward corniness of pre-hard-core sleaze so well, her flick could be mistaken for a lost grindhouse classic.

The loungey world of negligees and cocktails that followed the flowery '60s may look innocent now, but as Barbi discovers, "free love" has a dirty little secret: It's a handy way to get a chick's panties off. Luckily, Biller doesn't spare the flesh. As the writer-director explains, "I wanted to offer up all the spectacle and lurid promise of sexploitation while talking about what women really go through—their fantasies and sexual trials."

Portrayed by Biller herself, Barbi quickly learns that her playful fantasies are a long way from the carnal fixations of the men around her. In an escalating string of outrageous scenes and costume changes (not to mention some toe-curling double entendres), clueless Barbi is stripped, drugged, groped and transformed into Viva, a vivacious, confident diva who lords over a debaucherous orgy and gets pleasure on her own terms.

It's a utopian vision, and Biller's longing for that lost promise of sexual liberation is what gives her movie its

Viva's groovy world is full of wild orgies...

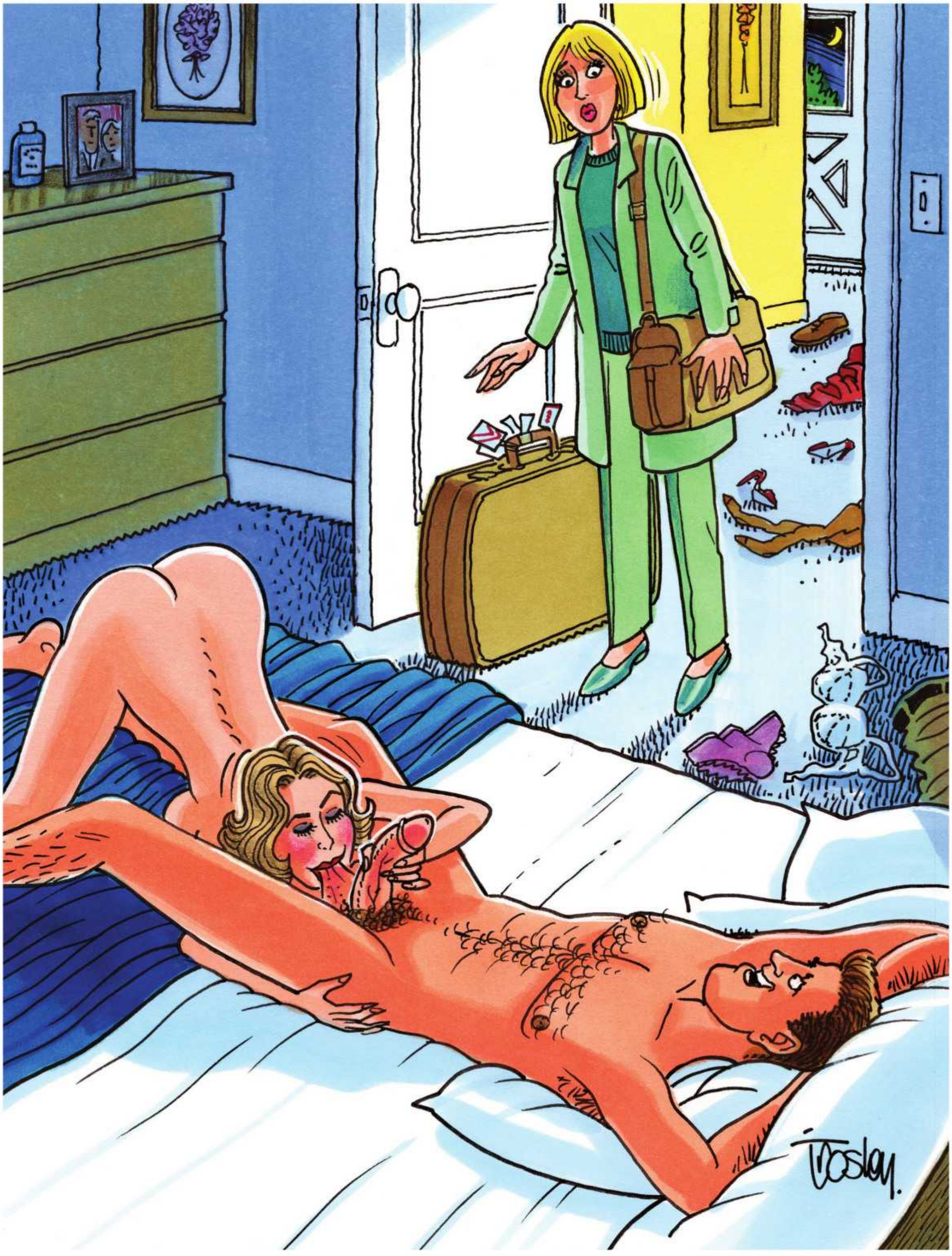
unique charm. "Many of our pleasures aren't politically correct or are just plain embarrassing," Biller asserts, "but we don't have to feel guilty about them. Like sexploitation, my film relies on the spectre of taboo, but with a sense of comedy and nostalgia. I'm nostalgic for the days when the sex movement could ally with causes like feminism and civil rights. Exploring sexual roles is part of what creates pleasure and civilization."

With *Viva*, Biller blends striptease and her personal brand of lipstick feminism to tackle a timeless question: Can a woman be an object of desire and an equal partner in the sex game? It's a tricky balancing act, but the filmmaker pulls it off. (Corny entendre intended!)

For more information go to **CultEpics.com** and **LifeOfaStar.com**. ***—M.J.***

...free love...

...and sexual fulfillment!



"Obama was right. Change is good!"

Homewrecker

KAYDEN KROSS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

I take what I want in life," sultry **Kayden Kross** asserts. "That's why I've been able to become an up-and-coming porn starlet. When I first got into the business, I was a bit unsure and shy. After a few months I realized the only way to get ahead is to be pushy and vocal. I'm not saying *be* a bitch, but being a little bitchy helps."

That same attitude comes across in **Kayden**'s private life: "If I see a hot guy that I want to get it on with, I'll usually make the first move. And in some cases the second and third move. It doesn't even matter if he has a girlfriend or a wife. I don't care. If I set my sights on you, your cock will be inside me soon enough."

Getting down to the nitty-gritty, **Kayden** continues to take charge: "After a little foreplay I always want to climb on top first! I also like doggy-style because it makes my pussy nice and tight. Guys like that, and so do I. When it comes to screwing, I'm a bit of a gymnast. I love to assume all sorts of positions, but I have to start and finish on top. I always come when I'm riding a hard cock!"

Asked if she's only into men, **Kayden** emphatically replies, "No! Why would I limit myself like that?! I love eating pussy, too. Girls are a refreshing change of pace from time to time, but I'd much rather be with a guy and another girl. Threesomes can be pretty demanding, but they're well worth it in the end when you all come together. Wow!"

KAYDEN KROSS'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Sacramento, California | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 120

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THE INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCES OF MARRIED PEOPLE FIGHTING OVER THE REMOTE

CALLIE

"Doing *Beaver Hunt* was my husband's idea," asserts this 26-year-old "love goddess" from Fort Cobb, Oklahoma. "He thought everyone should see what's waiting for him at home. I love being erotically admired. I can enchant the shyest of dicks. Just tell me how sexy I am, and I'm yours for the taking!" In hubby's absence the Pink Floyd fan digs gardening and playing with her toys. "I grow vegetables and multiple orgasms," the 5-foot-7 tyro gushes. "That's why I chose Callie Cumsalot for my modeling name." That moniker is always apropos. "I know how to please my husband in every way," Callie exults. "I have lots of nice places for his dick, we always make each other come, and I love it when he wants to share me with another sexy-ass female. That's hot. Our sex outweighs any porn I've ever seen." —Photos by Husband

DARYANN

Obliging both connoisseurs of south-of-the-border girls and south-of-the-navel curls, we now present this mouthwatering "combo plate" from Puebla, Mexico. "I'm flattered to be pictured naked in your prestigious magazine," coos Daryann, 21. "I want *Americanos* to see how enticing I can be." Taking off everything but her shoes is a fine start, but the 5-foot-5 legal secretary and "listening to music" aficionada seals the deal by piping, "I'm submissive and very satisfying. I love giving head. My coochie gets hotter and juicier when I wrap my lips around a cock." Daryann, an anal virgin whose fave "fuck me!" positions are "spooning and on top," has gone over the top: "I've had sex with three men at the same time." Even her off-the-wall fantasy is a mouthful: "In a tunnel beneath Tlachihualtepetl [the Aztecs' Great Pyramid of Cholula] I'd love to give six amigos a taste of my sexual savvy." Olé! —Photos by Boyfriend

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

JEWLE

■ "I just couldn't pass up the opportunity to be in HUSTLER," chirps this "very outgoing, exotic, fun and flirty" 20-year-old from Mentor, Ohio. "My ambition is to make it big in the porn industry. I have the beauty, personality and enthusiasm to pull it off. You can accomplish anything if you put your mind to it." Jewle may boast that "I'm very talented when it comes to giving blowjobs," but the 5-foot-8 hottie is also amazingly philosophical: "I'm sorry for all the things I'm not, but I'll never apologize for the things I am." Besides "a daily regimen of sex," Jewle's "things" are "shopping, writing, swimming, point ballet, grunge bands, '90s dance music, dramas (*Reservoir Dogs*, *Fight Club* and movies like that), TV (*The Wire*, *The Shield*, *24*) and books (*Smack*, *Gone With the Wind*)." Two things she's not into are "anal sex and doing girls." Nevertheless, Jewle muses, "I'd like to meet Scarlett O'Hara." —Photos by Friend

"I'm striving to be the next Jenna Jameson!"

SHERRY

"I wanted to see if I had the balls to do this after having three kids," chimes Sherry, 27, a "no longer standoffish" housewife from Lake City, Tennessee. The foxy five-footer relishes diversions—such as "fishing, camping, listening to music that I can really shake my ass to and doing strip dances for my husband"—but she's game for much more. "I love to get naked outdoors, which usually leads to wild, crazy sex," Sherry owns up. And how's this for a fine adage? "The best way to make a man happy is keeping his belly full and his balls empty. I'm a great cook, and I really enjoy giving my husband blowjobs." Sherry, whose favorite flick in the household's 800-DVD collection is *300* ("It kicks butt!"), has a pair of kickass fantasies: "I would like to try group sex and amateur porn."

—Photos by Husband

CANDICE

"Being in your magazine is a dream-come-true," marvels this Web site designer from Garland, Texas. "Seeing myself naked makes me so hot and horny, I can't help but play with my wet pussy. It's my favorite thing to do when I'm alone." Candice, 28, also enjoys classic rock, heavy metal, hip-hop, cartoons, scary movies, TV's *Two and a Half Men* and "being there for my fiancé." Reckons the 5-foot-2 bride-to-be, "I'm a dirty, kinky little girl. I love to suck my man's hard cock and let him bend me over and pound me all night. He can't get enough of my pussy." Candice, who aspires to "start making homemade sex tapes," hopes to be more than a Beaver: "Seeing myself in a HUSTLER layout would probably make me come for a week and give my man a permanent hard-on!"—Photos by Fiancé

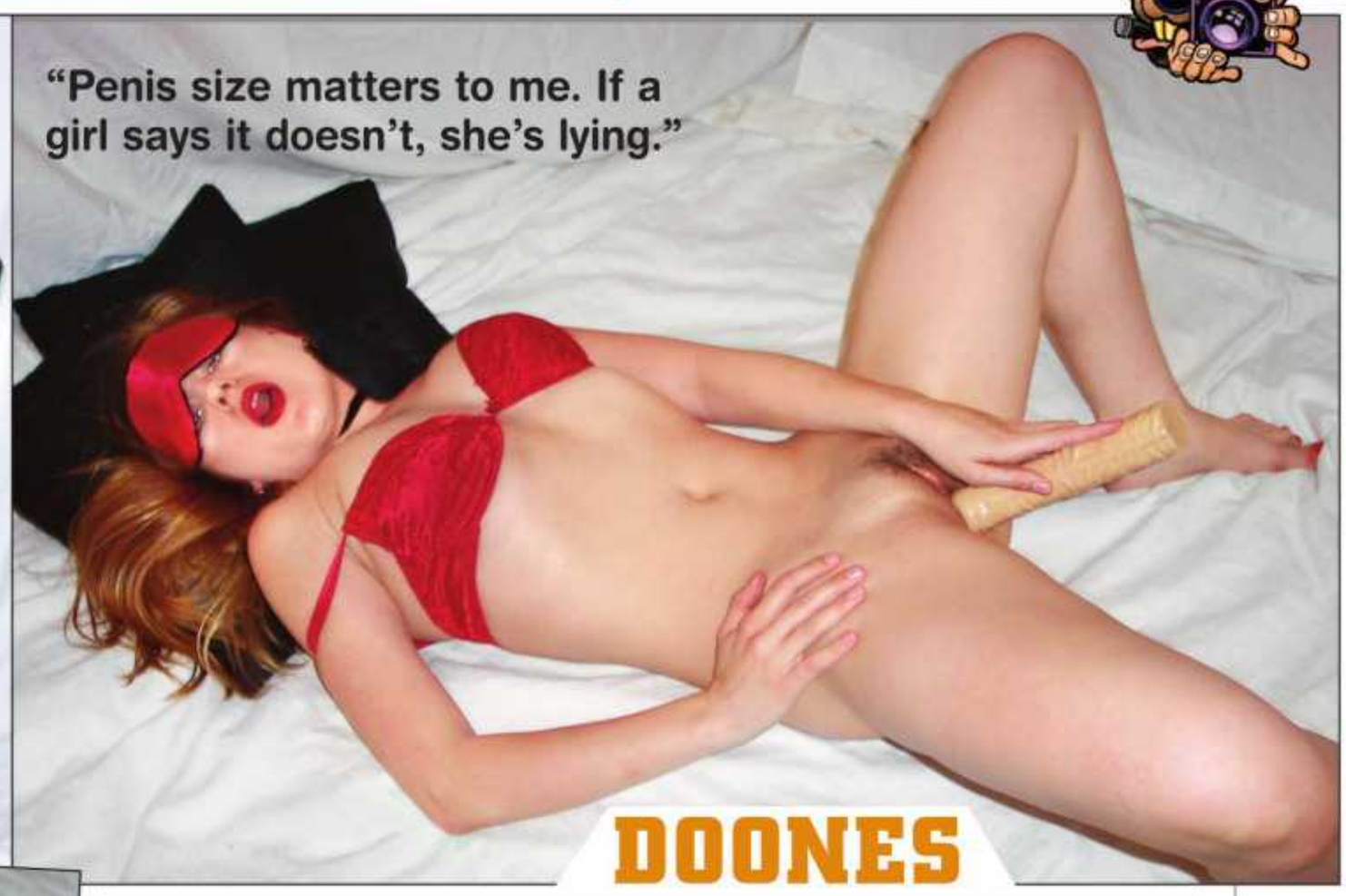
"It turns me on to get naked for picture-taking so I can turn on guys who aren't my fiancé."

RONI

"I like to be naked in the living room and outside when no one's around," reveals this now-braver food packer from Latta, South Carolina. "Knowing I read HUSTLER, one of my girlfriends thought I should try to be in your magazine. I like to get what I want, but I was more encouraged when my husband told me he was all for it." Roni, 44, is a crocheting, shopping and cooking enthusiast with a hearty sexual appetite. "I love to fuck pretty much as soon as I come home from work," the 5-foot-4 Beyoncé fan fesses up. "My favorite way is doggy-style. Being a good wife 'n' all, I do *everything* I'm supposed to do." Of course, in her foray as a Beaver, that necessitates tendering a badass sexual fantasy: "Two men at the same time. I did it already, but I'm hot to do it again. Two johnsons are always better than just one!" —Photos by Husband

SHORTY

"I want to spread my face (and everything else) across the United States," avows this 4-foot-11 denizen of Dubuque, Iowa. "I'm happily married, bisexual at heart, and I hope a lot of females get wet looking at my pics. I also want girls like me to know that being short is sexy." Shorty, 29—who denotes her occupation as "being cute" and amorous avocation as "oral massage therapist"—toots, "I'm an independent, straitlaced goth. I love dancing, vamp novels, the Suicide Girls, Jenna Jameson and *CSI: Miami*." As for sex, Shorty confides, "I love to have my pussy eaten and my ass licked. That always makes me happy. So does doggy-style fucking. I also still masturbate as often as I did when I was a virgin. You need to know your own body before anyone else does." And now we know the munchkin's celeb-studded fantasy: "My dream would be to have myself, Marilyn Manson, Dita Von Teese, Lucy Liu and my husband in an all-out licking, sucking fuckfest." —Photos by Husband



BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

DOONES

"I don't want to be a porn star, but I enjoy exposing myself as a model," proclaims this "down to earth" administrator from Fort Worth, Texas. "I wanted to give this a shot before I'm 30." With a year to spare, Doones has provided a handful of tell-tale pics and deeply personal revelations: "I'm a hippie, a ham and a free spirit sexually and everywhere else. I adore the Dallas Cowboys, good friends with good stories, cold beer, classic rock 'n' roll, *Family Guy* and great sex with a partner who's as open and creative as I am in the sack. I'm bisexual, but I prefer men, and I can be dominant or a submissive pussycat. I'm a sexual chameleon who'll try anything once. Besides, the best part of sex is making it different, introducing the surprise element." For the 5-foot-7 vixen, certain qualities make a *big* difference. "I'm attracted to guys with athletic builds and awesome equipment," Doones explains, "but someone I can talk to. I crave physical and mental stimulation." —Photos by Friend

KAYLA STAR

Making a timely encore is this "wild, spunky and rambunctious" caregiver from Pakulani, Hawaii. Kayla Star—who'll be turning 27 in June and fancies "horseback riding, hunting for boar and using a vibrator when I'm bored"—got a new toy for her last birthday, and it might burn out. "The best foreplay is having a guy explore my body," the 5-foot-7 "bi-curious submissive" discloses, "so he can find out for himself what I like and don't like. Let's just say I love kissing *everywhere*, being eaten out and fucking." Sorry, folks, but Kayla's tempting tush is off limits. "I've tried anal," she begrudges, "but I'm not into it. I'd rather be tied up and spanked while getting my pussy banged from behind." And, hey, maybe she'll return as a South Seas Lady Godiva: "I'd love to do a photo-shoot on my horse. A butt-naked brunette on a Palomino would be awesome." Mount up, Kayla! —Photos by Friend

AMY

"I wanted to be in HUSTLER to let people know that moms can be hot too," declares this "no longer sheltered" resident of Fort Smith, Arkansas. "My husband fell in love with my cooking before he ever saw me naked, and now I'm an exhibitionist and very kinky. I love to have sex outdoors and in public places where there's a good possibility of getting caught. A box store is on my list. Why let all those security cameras go to waste?" Amy, 34—whose culinary delights are topped by manicotti and stuffed mushrooms—wastes no time listing her diverse (and some perverse) pastimes: "I enjoy gardening, reading, crafts, watching porn and finessing sex into my busy schedule." On that note the 5-foot-9 night owl, who works graveyard shifts as a sales associate, divulges, "When my man and I are in our bedroom, I love sucking his cock, having my pussy eaten and taking him doggy-style. And if we're making another homemade sex video, I'll think up new ways to fuck." Amy has also had hanky-panky on the front porch and alongside railroad tracks, but going lesbo is uncharted territory: "My fantasy is to have sex with another woman while my husband watches and later joins in." —Photos by Husband

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To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

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Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

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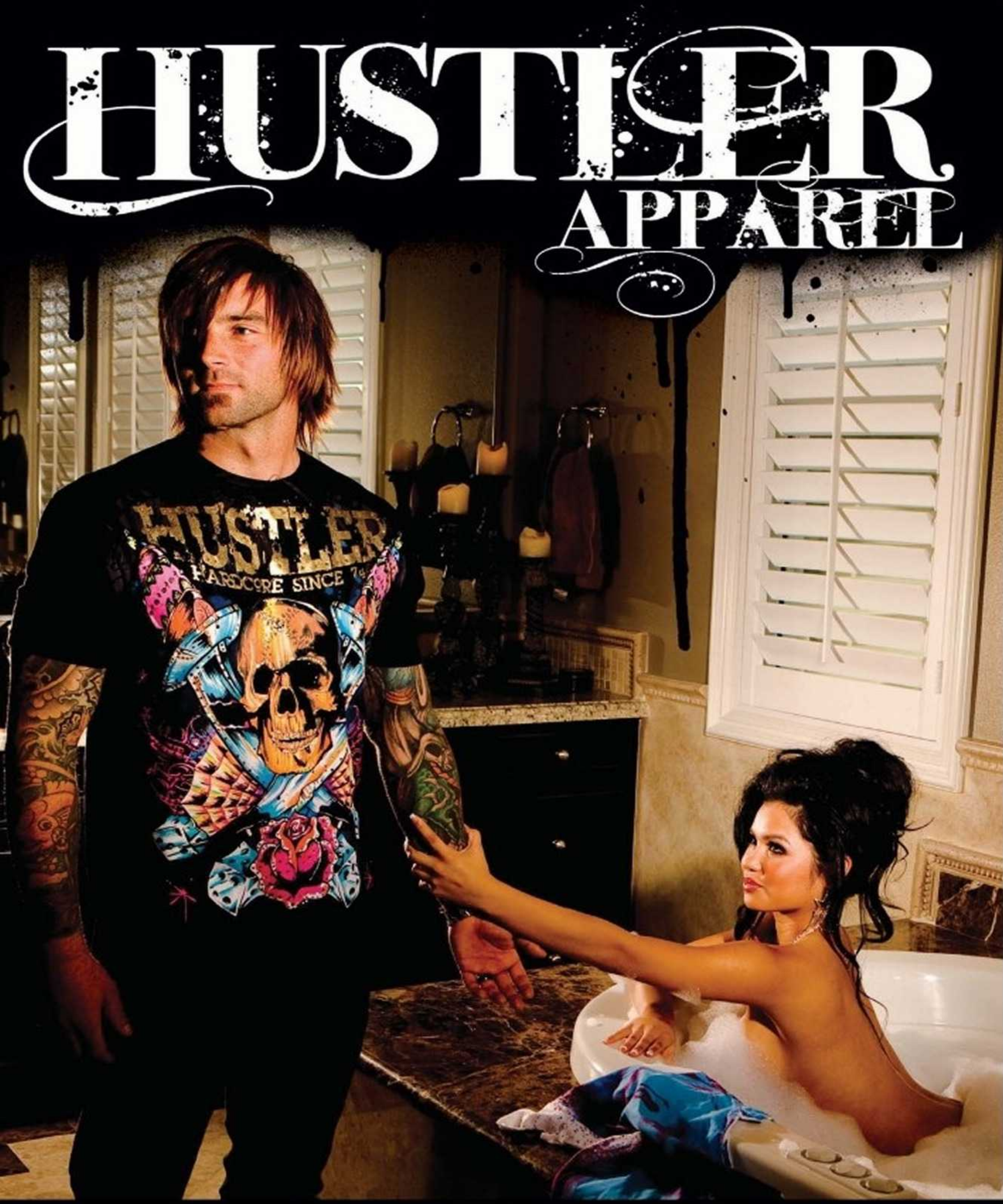

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The Girl Can't Help It

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

SUNNY LANE

With the face of the girl-next-door and a body built for the skin biz, pint-sized **Sunny Lane** has made a big name for herself in only three years. "I am perhaps the most active porn chick around," the hazel-eyed hottie chirps. "I give it my all as much as possible. I go out almost every night of the week to different industry parties and events. I especially love the ones where I get to meet and greet my fans. They're the best! You really have to be visible and a schmoozer to get work these days. There are so many girls that it's hard to get recognized."

Getting **Sunny** to disclose what she most loves doing isn't hard at all: "Sex!" she howls. "Well, that goes without saying, doesn't it? I'm the girl who can't say no. I just can't help it. Ever since I lost my virginity I have to fuck at least once a day. Am I a nympho? Probably."

Sunny is definitely a "big fan" of rock 'n' roll. "I saw Kid Rock recently, and it was awesome," she marvels, "because I got to go backstage and hang with Kid and a bunch of his celebrity pals—a benefit of being a porn star."

As a former professional figure skater, **Sunny** sought perfection on the ice, and she's taken that trait to her XXX career: "I have a lot of porn pals, but Ron Jeremy is like my guru. Most of the new girls in porn don't realize that the innovators have a lot of good advice to give. They've been there before, so listening to them can keep you from making a lot of mistakes. I don't like to make mistakes. I like to fuck!"

SUNNY LANE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Tampa, Florida | AGE: 27 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-0 | WEIGHT: 100 | MEASUREMENTS: 34C-24-34

Catch **Sunny Lane** flawlessly performing in *Barely Legal All By Myself #2*, *Young Sluts Inc. #17*, *Ass Appeal #5* and more from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

The July '09 HUSTLER goes on sale May 12, 2009. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

Alexis Texas

COMING NEXT

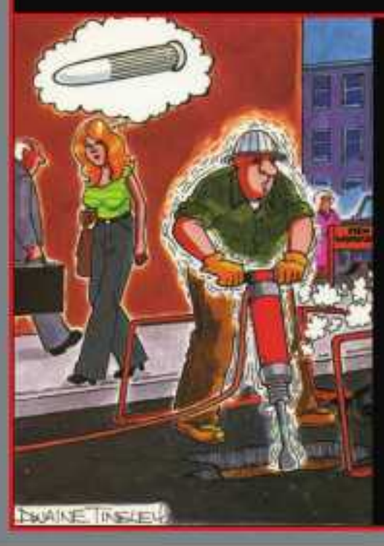
35TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

MAMIE VAN DOREN NUDE!

Can a Hollywood sex symbol from the 1950s still be breathtaking in 2009? Yes, if her name is Mamie Van Doren. Now 78 and as majestic as ever, Mamie proves that her beauty is immortal.

CLASSIC HUSTLER CENTERFOLDS

Narrowing down our standout HUSTLER Honeys of all time was a hard task. More than 400 have graced our gatefolds since 1974, but we've dug up a sampling that shows why we're still going strong at age 35.



DWAINE TINSLEY: HUSTLER'S MOST NOTORIOUS 'TOONIST

Dwaine Tinsley's edgy, groundbreaking cartoons helped establish HUSTLER as the most controversial magazine in history. As part of our birthday celebration, we're rolling out an array of Uncle Dwaine's signature creations.

BUDD HOPKINS: WHAT ARE E.T.'S UP TO?

Since 1976, Budd Hopkins has used hypnotic regression on scores of people purportedly whisked away by extraterrestrials. Hopkins, the author of *Missing Time* and *Intruders*, offers startling revelations on the UFO phenomenon in a Q&A with Skylaire Alfvegren.

OUR FOODS ARE KILLING US!

Part 1 of our special exposé details a stomach-turning truth: America's food supply is laced with toxins. Find out why the government's watchdog agency known as the FDA deserves the moniker Food and Death Administration. HUSTLER Science Editor-at-Large Debbie Epstein reports.

JIM BOLEN: THE WARRIOR SPIRIT

Before becoming a successful businessman, Jim Bolen was a Green Beret, mercenary and Larry Flynt bodyguard. Bolen, whose astonishing exploits make his memoir *No Guts, No Glory* a must-read, talks to HUSTLER about covert Vietnam operations, tips for would-be tough guys and resisting the urge to punch a movie star. Interview by Ted Newsom.

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